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Compliments of  
the  
MINNESOTA SOCIETY  
SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



Souvenir  
Washington's Birthday

1904

## Explanatory Report.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Managers of this Society, held April 21st, 1903, the subject was considered of offering prizes to the High Schools of our State for patriotic essays, and upon motion it was voted that a committee should be appointed with full power to act, consisting of the President, the Secretary and three members of the Society, to be appointed by the President, and the President then appointed Compatriots Loren W. Collins, Ell Torrance and James O. Pierce as members of such committee.

Thereupon a letter of explanation was forwarded to the Principals of the one hundred and fifty-five accredited High Schools in the State, which called attention to one of the objects of the Society, viz: the fostering of patriotism among the pupils of our schools, and which named six subjects, any one of which might be chosen by each contestant as the subject of his essay, viz:

1. GEORGE WASHINGTON.
2. THE LIBERTY BELL.
3. THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.
4. SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.
5. WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.
6. PAUL JONES.

In each of the nine Congressional Districts three Public School Superintendents were appointed to act as a District Committee to whom should be sent, from each of the contesting High Schools of their District, five essays to be selected by a committee of three teachers appointed by the Principal of that school, and all of which essays were required to be written on January 15th, 1904, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 12 m., under the supervision of an instructor of the school.

Arrangements were made by which the contesting essays were so sealed and numbered that the selected ones forwarded by the District Committees were sent to the judges—Professors W. W. West, W. I. Thomas and Maria Sanford, of the University of Minnesota—with the names of the writers unknown to either the judges or to this Committee.

This was to assure an award by these judges which should be absolutely unbiased.

These judges awarded the first position to the essay written by Miss Esther Chapman of the East High School of Minneapolis, on the "Women of the Revolution;" the second position to the essay written by Mr. Willis T. Newton of the South High School of Minneapolis, on the "Surrender of Cornwallis," and the third position to the essay written by Mr. Edwin Eklund of Moorhead, on "George Washington."

The Committee selected as the First Prize an engraving, subject, "The Peace Ball," which was presented to Miss Chapman for the East High School, Minneapolis, by Compatriot James O. Pierce, at our afternoon exercises on Washington's Birthday, and, on March 11th, 1904, presented by Miss Chapman to her school, which accepted it with appropriate exercises.

The Second Prize, "Washington's Farewell to the Army," was presented to Mr. Willis T. Newton on March 11th, 1904, and by him presented to the South High School, Minneapolis, which received it with appropriate exercises.

The Third Prize, "George Washington," was presented in like manner to Mr. Edwin Eklund, and by him presented to his school, at Moorhead, which received it with appropriate exercises.

Each of these prizes was, by the Committee, suitably framed with an engraved presentation plate attached, exhibiting the name of this Society, the subject of the successful essay and the name of the successful contestant.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK G. M'MILLAN, President.  
LOREN W. COLLINS,  
ELL TORRANCE,  
JAMES O. PIERCE,  
REGINALD B. LEACH, Secretary.

**Celebration**  
of the 172nd Anniversary  
of  
**Washington's Birthday**

By the  
**Minnesota Society**  
**Sons of the American Revolution**



**Central Presbyterian Church**

St. Paul

**Monday, February 22, 1904**

at 2, P. M.



## Order of Exercises

HON. JAMES C. HAYNES.

First Vice-President Minnesota Society Sons of the American Revolution, Presiding.

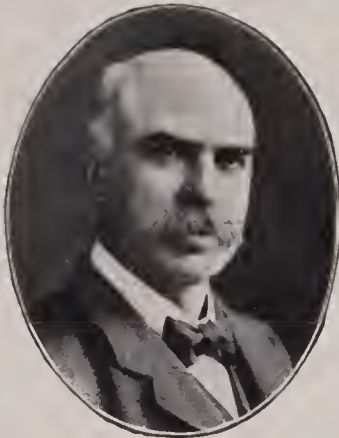
1. INVOCATION—  
REV. JOHN MAYHEW FULTON, D. D.
2. MUSIC—"God Guard Columbia" - - - { Henry C. McCook, D. D.  
Geo. Balch Nevin  
SCHOOL CHILDREN'S CHORUS.
3. INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS—  
HON. JAMES C. HAYNES.
4. MUSIC—"General Washington" - - - - H. C. Eldridge  
SCHOOL CHILDREN'S CHORUS.
5. ADDRESS—"Scotland's Contribution to the American Revolution."  
REV. ALEXANDER MCGREGOR, D. D.
6. MUSIC—"Flower of Liberty" - - - - { Oliver Wendel Holmes  
Leonard B. Marshall  
SCHOOL CHILDREN'S CHORUS.
7. FIRST PRIZE ESSAY—  
MISS ESTHER CHAPMAN, East Side High School, Minneapolis.
8. PRESENTATION OF THE FIRST PRIZE—"The Peace Ball"  
HON. JAMES O. PIERCE.
9. MUSIC—"America" - - - - - Henry Carey  
SCHOOL CHILDREN'S CHORUS.
10. BENEDICTION—  
REV. MAURICE D. EDWARDS, D. D.

NOTE—The Chorus of 350 Children, from the Madison School, St. Paul, is under the direction of Miss Elsie M. Shawe, Supervisor of Music, St. Paul Public Schools.



## Introductory Address.

Compatriot James C. Haynes.



J. C. HAYNES.

I see that your committee have seen fit to place your speaker at the head of the programme here, for a few introductory remarks, or an "Introductory Address." I know that we have something in store that is good and helpful, and I shall endeavor to be as brief as possible, saying a few words appropriate to this occasion. I certainly feel highly honored to be called upon to perform this task at this time. As a member of the society of the Sons of the American Revolution I have attended several of these occasions, and always with great interest and profit.

I am one of those who believe, (as I feel that you must or you would not be here,) that perhaps the greatest theme that can occupy the thought and attention of both young and old is that of patriotism, and that there is no better way to consider that theme, in all its great import, than by the right consideration of the great character of human history, and especially of our own American history, the history of this land to which we belong, the history of this land where all our hopes and aspirations and interests are centered, the history of this land which we believe to be and hope shall become more and more a light unto the world. And when we assemble in this way we do ourselves the greatest honor.

Nothing that you or I can say or do at this time can change the life and the memory which we are met to respect and to honor and to celebrate in one jot or tittle. The great Lincoln, whose birth we celebrated but a few days ago, another great patriot, one of the greatest,—of him we might say the same. We might say that of any patriotic soul that has lived and done its work here on earth. Nothing, I say, that we can say or do,

can change the eternal fact of those lives. But what we say and do may shape our own lives, shape them immensely; and therefore I am a great believer in the influence and the powerful influence of occasions of this kind in moulding the sentiment of the young and reviving the sentiment of the old.

I want to say that if the Sons of the American Revolution had never done another thing except to institute this occasion they would have served a grand and glorious purpose. But they do other things. They meet and keep alive the fire of patriotism in their own hearts and among themselves. They bring to mind the great battles and the great events of revolutionary history and impress them again and again upon the popular mind. I have not time to point out to you, and I do not feel that it is necessary that I should, the value and the immense value, of that simple fact.

Historians, biographers, orators, have all dealt with the life and character of Washington; and yet I do not suppose that any of them have ever touched the real life itself as it actually was. When I was a little boy, like these little fellows who have come here this afternoon to enjoy these exercises and take part in them, I remember how I used to look up to the great Washington and how I loved him. But what do you suppose I loved him for? Did I love him because he was the one who was the "Father of his Country" and therefore the father and the founder of free institutions? because he furnished me the school, you might say, where I could go and get an education and help myself to become a man among men? Why, no; I used to look up to and admire him because he stood six-feet-two or-three in his stockings and could jump twenty-one feet at a single bound! (laughter,) because he could go and fight the Indians,—and I wanted to go and fight Indians, too. (Laughter.) That was what made Washington great to me. He was a military hero, an Indian fighter, a good jumper, a good wrestler, a good horse-back rider. You remember how he rode that colt to death—all over the fields, without saddle or bridle or anything, just rode that colt until he went right down dead. Of course he ought not to have gotten onto the colt, but it was a pet and full of life and activity, and the first thing he knew he found himself astride of that colt going up hill and down and he had no way of stopping the animal. Well, those were the things that excited my admiration. We used to read that story to one another. (My little friends, I am not making this speech altogether for these old people.) Then we used to read that story, which you will recollect, about the cherry tree. Did you ever hear that story? (Laughter.) I don't think I need to repeat it. And I thought that was a wonderful boy—that couldn't tell a lie—I could, (laughter), but I saw, when very young, that it was not the best thing to do, and I have learned, as I grow older, that no matter how smart we may think a lie is in the beginning, it always gets us into trouble in the end.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive!"

So Washington was all right, even from the boy's standpoint, and we always looked up to him as such a magnificent specimen of physical manhood.

But, as I got to be older, I found there was something greater about Washington than those things. He was a man who had an intense purpose and a purpose that was great. His purpose was to be an honest, useful citizen and a good man. When he was only sixteen he wrote that book, you know, about "Rules of Politeness and Courtesy," he was one of the most polite men that ever lived, a perfect gentleman, not only at heart but in form. He studied those things, he believed in them, and his purpose, I say, was intense. Now, if you little folks have got anything to think about it is that. As you get a little older begin to think about things and have the intense purpose to be a good man and a good woman, a useful man and a useful woman. You will find a hundred different ways to do that, and the one that may puzzle you the most will be where to put yourself so you can be of the most use and do the most good; but put yourselves somewhere.

I heard a boy talking the other day about how he had been cheating the teacher. Why, he "cribbed" all along the line; he had had a great time getting through and he was going to pass and he hadn't learned anything. Cheating the teacher! don't you believe it; no teacher was ever cheated yet. It is the boy who has cheated himself; that is where the cheating comes in. It will only be a question of a few years when the boy or the girl who tries to

\*All addresses stenographically reported by Mr. George N. Hillman.

cheat the teacher will find that, after all, he or she is the one who is cheated; and I know of nothing that is so perfectly disgusting to one's own soul as to wake up and find out that you have been cheated by yourself.

Washington never did that sort of thing. He went to work, and by the time he was sixteen years of age he was a surveyor. Talk about your Young America—a surveyor who could go out and make official surveys. When he was nineteen he was a good Indian fighter, who could go out and see that the enemy were kept off. He didn't go out to fight just because he loved it; he went to fight because he thought the people must be defended against those French and Indians off around the woods up through the Alleghenies; he didn't fight for the love of the fighting, he fought for the love of truth, for the love of right, for the love of civilization.

I could go on and talk to you boys and girls for a long time about these things. I am not talking so much now to the older people as I am to the boys and girls. I taught school for a number of years, and I used to like the boys and girls, and they used to like me pretty well, too, and there is no kind of people I like to talk to any better, because I know they are ready to listen to me. These older people here have got so far along that there is not much use talking to them, anyway, (laughter) their ideas are fixed; but just remember the one or two things I have told you. I want to emphasize that, because I believe that is the essence of patriotism.

Now, we are here to-day to encourage our patriotism, we are here to-day to help make these young people and these old people better citizens, and that is patriotism.

It is a great thing, when there is a war pending, for a man to go out and jeopardize his precious life and his health for his country; we honor the men who have done it and we hold meetings and praise their lives and celebrate the great events which they had to do with. But let me tell you, we can't have wars on tap all the time in order for men to become great citizens and patriots. Once in a while they come along, and then we have our opportunity, but here in this country wars are far apart—we hope; and now, how are you going to be a patriot when there is no war and when you can't go out and fight Indians or anybody? Well, I'll tell you how to be a patriot when there is no war, and that is to live for your country; in your daily life simply do as Washington did, fit yourselves to be good citizens. He commenced when he was a mere boy to fit himself to be a good citizen and a useful man and he became one. When they wanted a man to go out and fight the French and Indians, he was ready; when they wanted some surveying done off in the wilderness for Lord Fairfax, Washington was ready, because he had prepared himself. Prepare yourselves, boys and girls, if you want to be good and patriotic citizens, for some useful place in life. That is all there is to patriotism when there is no war around.

And when the war was over and they wanted a man to whom all could look for support and advice, when they were trying to frame a constitution or a set of rules and by-laws, such as we have sometimes in school, Washington was the man unanimously chosen to preside. He was ready because his experience and his life had fitted him for that high position.

And through all this what else do we know of him? He was modest all the time. He never sought to project himself, in a brazen way, where he did not belong; he always waited until the people came forward and said, "Here is something to be done and nobody can do it so well as George Washington." That was true when he was called to be commander-in-chief; and I want to say, alike to my young and my old friends, that as I have measured the character of Washington I have always felt with those who undertook to say that he was to some extent, possibly, an accident; that he had men all around him as great or greater: Jefferson could write a better declaration of independence, Franklin was a greater philosopher, Adams was perhaps a greater statesman, Patrick Henry was a greater orator. What was there about Washington that was great? What was it that made the great men do homage to Washington? It was the tremendous personality of the man. The minute that his strong face, his erect carriage, his great soul, appeared before a congregation, they immediately bowed to the personality of the man. And so he was unanimously chosen to head the armies of the colonies in defence of the right and to lead in the founding of this great republic where we have our homes and enjoy our liberties.

In conclusion, I want to congratulate the Sons of the American Revolution upon having instituted this occasion. I want to congratulate the hard-working members of these committees who sacrifice their time and energy in bringing about this occasion each year and preparing and presenting the programme. I want to congratulate the people of these two cities, especially those of this city, in having such an occasion here in your midst.

I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind attention, and especially the boys and girls for theirs. (Applause.)





**1. God Guard Columbia.**

1.

Almighty Lord of all,  
The nations rise and fall  
At thy command.  
Our Father's staff and stay,  
Keep Thou their children's way!  
God guard Columbia,  
Our fatherland!

2.

What time the clouds of woe,  
Hung o'er us dark and low,  
Thou, Lord, wast near,  
Still be our staff and stay,  
Hear Thou Thy people pray;  
God guard Columbia,  
Our country dear!

3.

Hold in Thy mighty hand  
Our troops by sea and land,  
In fort and field!  
Give them to do and dare;  
In days of danger spare,  
And guard them by Thy care,  
O God, our shield!

We bless thee for the hand  
That led the hero band,  
Who made us free;  
For every valiant son  
Whose life our freedom won,  
O God of Washington,  
We honor Thee!

**2. General Washington.**

1.

The hist'ry of our native land  
Is filled with deeds of heroes bold,  
Who scorned to bow the knee to kings,  
Or sell their liberty for gold;  
First of them all came Washington,  
Who fought the battles of the free,  
Who ruled the land with wisdom great,  
And raised the flag of liberty.

2.\*

His life he risked in freedom's cause  
In battle's thickest part he fought,  
And all through life in war or peace  
Great deeds of sacrifice he wrought.  
Now many a year has fled by  
Since that great day when by his hand,  
Oppression's chains were cast away  
And "Freedom" rang through all the land.

3.

This is the name we sing to-day.  
George Washington, the general great,  
Who led our sires to victory,  
And won success from adverse fate.  
In native worth and greatness rich,  
His justice tempered mild with love,  
He feared and honored God on earth;  
God took him to his home above.

\*See page 32.

**3. The flower of Liberty.**

1.

What flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from heav'n so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming hand  
It kindles all the sunset land:  
O, tell us what its name may be—  
Is this the Flow'r of Liberty?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flow'r of Liberty!  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flow'r of Liberty!

2.

Behold its streaming rays unite  
One mingled flood of braided light,  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flow'r of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flow'r of Liberty!

3.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flow'r,  
Shall ever float on dome and tow'r,  
To all their heavenly colors true  
In black'ning frost and crimson dew,  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flow'r of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flow'r of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flow'r of Liberty!

**4. America.**

1.

My country, 'tis of thee  
Sweet land of liberty  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring.

2.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3.

My father's God to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

## "The Women of The Revolution"

First Prize Essay By

Esther Chapman

East Side High School, Minneapolis



ESTHER CHAPMAN.

The words, "Colonial Dame," bring before our minds a charming picture. A tall, stately figure in a wonderful gown of pale blue satin, sits before the old, mahogany spinnet. The mellow light of late afternoon falls through the diamond panes and snowy draperies, and rests caressingly upon the white fingers as they wander over the ivory keys. The fair, patrician head, with its crown of powdered hair, the white throat, encircled with a band of pearl, the little, high-heeled, silver-buckled slippers speak of grace and loveliness and dignity. The bowl of yellow roses on the spinnet mingle their fragrance with the delicate odor of lavender that breathes from the folds of her gown. The last notes of the old ballad she is singing linger a moment, then die away.

Now speak the words "Woman of the Revolution." There comes to us the interior of a Colonial kitchen. Upon the table are ranged the pewter plates, mugs and spoons, many of them precious heirlooms, which belong to the family. These are to be melted and fashioned into bullets for the guns of husband, brother and sons. By the window is a heap of snowy linen, from which soft bandages are to be made to bind many a bloody wound. Before the spinning-wheel sits a woman, spinning, spinning, spinning. She wears an old gray gown of homespun, her smooth brown hair, parted evenly, falls over her blue-veined temples. Not a ribbon, not a single ornament relieves the plainness of her dress. With feverish haste, she bends over her work, her eyes burning, her head throbbing. There are dear ones at bleak Valley Forge, who are suffering for the clothing she must make.

Is this heroic woman at the spinning-wheel the beautiful lady in satin gown? Did she ever dance the minuet, clad in silk and velvet, bowing low over her fan to her gallant, beruffled partner?

She is the very same. The call of war has transformed the stately Colonial dame into a firm, courageous, unflinching woman, the true "Daughter of the Revolution."

Let us now pass into the churchyard and look at the names on the crumbling grass-grown stones. This marble monument bears the words, "General Washington." Close by, on another stone, we read, "General Warren." Next is "Israel Putnam," and not far away we see the martyr name of "Nathan Hale."

Then are long rows of lesser heroes, less in fame, though not in soldierly courage. "Died in his country's service at Lexington." "Laid down his life at Concord." "Killed in the battle at Trenton," over and over meet our sight.

These men were brave and true. They died for their country's freedom. But what about the women left at home? Were they not heroic, too? The question comes to us, "Could the army of Washington have been victorious if the army of women at home had not toiled day and night, preparing food, clothing, comfort and cheer for those at the front? Is it not, indeed, harder, does it not require more courage, to sit at home with anxiety for loved ones gnawing at the heart, than to be away in the excitement and action of battle? If the truth were told, these brave women at home, cheerfully sending husbands and sons to sacrifice them for liberty, working in the fields with tender hands, unused to labor spinning yarn for suffering soldier's comfort, denying themselves every luxury, nay, even necessity, with hearts bleeding for those far away, these women, I say, had as large a part in the saving of our country, as Washington's brave soldier boys.

So, when we name the heroes of the Revolution, let us not forget the heroines.

But, besides this army of devoted women, whose names we never knew, or soon forgot, were others whose deeds are written in history, side by side with those of Washington, Marion and Greene.

Who has not heard of Molly Pitcher, at Monmouth, firing the gun from which her husband's dead hands dropped?

Who has not learned in childhood of brave Emily Geiger, the heroine of Carolina? She it was who carried a message to Sumter through miles of forest, when no man dared to go. The British challenged her, and, suspicious, locked her in the jail. And while they went for some one to search her she hastily learned the message, and ate the paper, piece by piece. With profuse apologies they let her go, but long will the British rue the day when Emily Geiger passed on to Sumter!

Then there was the gentle Quaker lady, Mrs. Robert Murray. She knew that Israel Putnam was leading his weakened division down the road just as the British were coming up. Mrs. Murray met the red-coats at her gate and invited them to rest on her lawn and have refreshments. The day was hot, and the officers were tempted. The brave lady kept them and entertained them till Putnam's division had passed by. Once more a woman's wit had saved the American cause.

At Concord there was another woman-hero. Old Dame Batherik, white-haired and wrinkled, was working in her garden. Suddenly she heard firing and, shading her eyes with her hands, she saw the smoke of battle. Grasping her musket, she started forward. A squad of King's soldiers burst from a thicket. Levelling her gun, she cried:

"Halt, advance not another step if you value your lives!" And she marched them before her, in ignominious defeat, to a neighbor's house.

The names of other "Women of the Revolution" come to mind. There were Betsy Ross, who made the first "Stars and Stripes," Lydia Darrah, who walked twenty-five miles to warn Washington at White Marsh, big Nancy Hart, the "Heroine of Georgia," who commanded a fort manned with women, and many others equally brave.

All honor to the "Women of the Revolution!" These women who put away their pearls and fans and flowered gowns at the command of liberty, and in homespun toiled unceasingly for their country's sake. Let us never forget their heartaches and hardships endured so nobly. But let us rather remember them with pride akin to reverence and holy admiration, both those whose deeds are sung in history, and those who, though unknown and unhonored, were the force that kept hope and life and never-failing courage in the glorious "War for Independence."





THE PEACE BALL.  
Half-tone of First Prize, won by Miss Esther Chapman, East Side High School, Minneapolis. Subject of Essay:—"The Women of the Revolution."





## Presentation of the First Prize.

Compatriot James O. Pierce.



J. O. PIERCE.

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, fellow-citizens who are honoring Washington's birthday on this occasion: The exercises of this day may be taken as a fair index of the objects, aims and purposes which control, and the sentiments which animate, the members of the Minnesota Society of Sons of the American Revolution.

Our idea of the proper celebration of this day is that it shall be used as a holiday for the purpose of extending and perpetuating patriotic interest in the history of our country, among all classes of our citizens. Our appeal goes forth to the business world, and to the heads of families; but the business world is so engaged, in these workaday times, and the heads of families have such special duties, that our appeal largely reaches only the children of the public schools of the state, and we are gratified that we have that class who can listen to this appeal and who will respond in the manner today indicated.

Our appeal to them has been made as broad as the democratic purposes and tendencies of our society could suggest; we have sent it forth, as you have been already advised, to all the high schools in the state, 155 in number. We obtained about 300 responses,—a small number, you will say. Yes, but we are trying to show you by the quality of these responses that there is no occasion for disappointment in the event.

A large number of the high schools in the state contributed. They were divided, by the congressional districts of the state, into nine different classes, and in order to carry out this democratic principle of which I have spoken, each of those congressional districts assembled together the officers of its schools, the three essays from that congressional district which they submitted to the judges at the centre of the state; and the Society itself knew nothing about who should write those papers or what papers should be written. Seven congressional districts participated and contributed twenty-one essays. These were submitted, without name or address, to the judges at the University of Minnesota. Three professors of the University, Profs. West, Thomas and Sanford, acted as our judges—persons not connected with this society, and not connected with the scholars, but asked to occupy and occupying the position of impartial arbiters on the question, which were the best three papers out of the twenty-one that were submitted, and thus they were the ones who have awarded these prizes, and not ourselves.

I mention this to let you know the general character of this enterprise, and the object at which we are aiming, namely, to enlist and enhance, and, if possible, perpetuate, the interest of the pupils in the high schools in their country's history. I wish to say further, that this is but the first such contest. We shall follow it with others. In order to present the same attractive subject matter to children who have not yet reached the high schools, we shall come before those schools hereafter with contests of this kind.

We submitted this year several subjects from which each student who should compete for a prize might select the particular subject upon which he individually should write, and three of these subjects are very fitly represented, as it happens, in the three prizes which the winners have secured.

By a happy accident, possibly a chapter of accidents, it results that there is a harmony between the picture which we selected as the subject of the prize, and the subject of the essay which wins the prize, in each instance; and that is a pleasing feature for which the Society can claim no credit; on the contrary, we wish the credit of it to be given, by all our hearers and all who shall read these papers, to the inspiration of the occasion felt by the pupils who have competed for these prizes. It was simply by one of these happy accidents that this first prize, the subject of which is "The Peace Ball," should be won by a young woman who wrote upon "The Women of the Revolution." It was by another happy accident that the second prize, which we offered as the picture of "Washington's Farewell to the Army," should be won, and without the judges who awarded it knowing what the prize was to be, by a young man from the South High School at Minneapolis, whose subject was "The Surrender of Cornwallis." And by another happy accident, the young man who wrote upon the subject of "George Washington," and whose essay was esteemed to be one of the best three furnished, was to receive as a prize, though we did not know his topic until later, this handsome picture of his own subject,—"George Washington."

We submitted other subjects. I mention this in order that the school children may not suppose that all possible subjects for such essays have been exhausted. On the contrary, we have simply opened the campaign. We submitted among many other subjects,—"John Paul Jones," who has been so eulogized in the proceedings of today; and also the "Battle of Trenton," a battle often thought to be insignificant in the revolutionary contest, but one which we thought so significant and so important, that the date of it has been adopted in this society as the day which shall stand as our anniversary, and be set apart for the annual meeting of the society. That battle is sometimes thought of particularly by the young, as merely a matter of interesting romance. Children are apt to be most interested in the circumstance, that Washington on this occasion crossed the Delaware at night, with his men in boats and batteaus, through the blocks of floating ice, in order to reach the other shore and attack the enemy. But what is sometimes called a little engagement, this society esteems as one of the most significant in the whole series, because it was the occasion when the tide of disappointment was turned, when despondency which was almost merging into despair, was here changed into the fruition of encouragement and hope. It was only three days before this battle that there had gone out to the people a paper entitled "The Crisis," written by Thomas Paine, the beginning of which is the sentence, "These are the times that try men's souls;" and the people of America were responding without delay and saying each to the other, "Yes, these are the times that are trying our souls." Within three days from that utterance, Washington had crossed the Delaware and won the battle of Trenton, and the tide was turned, and now there was an advance in the progress of the conduct of the war on the part of the Americans. Washington had at that time but 2,400 men in his whole army which he could use effectively. Now for the first time the transcendent light of Wash-

ington's genius seemed to pierce the universal gloom, and to begin to illuminate the clouds that hovered over the infant republic. Within ten days he had an army of 5,000 men, and the battle of Trenton was fought and won, and then it began to be acknowledged that he was a genius. There are occasions like this in the history of the revolutionary war, which hereafter we shall wish to submit to the high schools of the state in future prize essay contests; and we hope for a larger and more extensive response, and a greater interest among pupils in the history of our country, especially its revolutionary history, and for other papers to be presented, which perhaps shall not exceed in value any of these of today, but which shall be equally interesting and illustrative of other phases of that war. We wish to thus enlist a larger constituency in this study of the history of our country. But with the papers of today, see what a wealth of subjects have been treated already, in this first effort! "Washington," the hero of the whole era of the revolutionary war, the man whose memory we especially honor today, represented in this patriotic essay which has won the third prize upon our list. "The Surrender of Cornwallis," that final act in the great drama when Washington's genius was fully acknowledged, and when the knightly Cornwallis himself, who was entertained by the generous Washington at a dinner party in company with the successful generals of the French and American Armies, and the unsuccessful generals of his own army, courteously and handsomely toasted Washington, saying to him that "when fame came to make up the history of the great revolutionary war, she would award to Washington the praise, that he had gathered his chiefest laurels not upon the shores of the Chesapeake but upon the banks of the Delaware,"—that incident, "The Surrender of Cornwallis," illustrated in this pictorial paper which has won this second prize now exhibited here, "Washington's Farewell to the Army." Best of all, this essay which has won the first prize,—how we have been charmed by the grace of the diction of that beautiful comment upon those noble dames, "The Women of the Revolution!" The members of this society are grateful to this essayist, and in recognition of this we are now to commit to her, for purposes which shall be explained, this our favorite picture. It is awarded not to her personally, but to her school. Each of these prizes is destined for the school which is represented by the successful contestant; and while this may seem to some a rather churlish mode of awarding a prize, yet it has been the object of this Society to dissociate the essayist from personal ownership of the prize, to make it a gift to the school, and to give to the essayist the feeling that he or she is working, not for self, but for the interests of the school to which the student is attached. It is in that aspect that I have now to present this prize to the school which is represented by this young lady, whose essay you have heard with so much pleasure this afternoon.

Miss Chapman, you have honored us by the warm encomiums which you have bestowed in this paper upon the memory of those Spartan women, our great-grandmothers of the revolutionary era. You have voiced our sentiments and feelings, and it gives us great pleasure that we are able to award the first prize on this occasion to a young woman of our public schools, and to one who has written upon a subject, which (as has already been said) is too often overlooked.

We could not magnify if we would the value or the importance of the revolutionary cause, or of the services or the sufferings of those whom you have so handsomely commemorated; and it is an additional pleasure to us that in this prize which we are now presenting, you have before you the portraits of some of those women and also of some of those men of revolutionary fame, who were so gracefully alluded to in your paper.

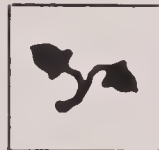
We have now a further honor to ask at your hands. This prize is destined for the school which you have so ably represented in this contest. We ask you to be our messenger. Take it to your school; ask the officers of your school to place the picture upon its walls; bring your fellow-students before it, and at their convenience and in your own way present it to the school, and say to them for us that we commit this picture to their keeping, in the hope that it may prove to be an incentive and encouragement to the adoption of that same spirit of study into our revolutionary era that you have shown, by the paper which you have read to us today, has animated your work, and ask them if they will not all take the same interest that you have exhibited in these patriotic researches.

And may God grant that your high school and each other high school in the state may ever be a home of patriotism and a fountain of patriotic principle and endeavor.

#### Miss Chapman:

I thank you for this beautiful picture, and I also thank the other members of the Minnesota Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. In the name of the students of the East High School of Minneapolis, I thank you for your generous gift, and not only for the gift itself, but also for the motive that prompted it,—to arouse a deeper interest in the history of our country.

You have given this picture to the East High School of Minneapolis, but all the high schools of Minnesota will be better for your patriotic action. Again I thank you. (Great applause.)





## Presentation of the Betsy Ross Flag.

Compatriot John Espy.



MAJ. JOHN ESPY.

The lateness of the hour precludes the possibility of my attempting a discussion of the origin of the American flag at this time, but at some future occasion I will consent to do so should it be the wish of this Society.

In accordance with the instructions of this Society, I have the great pleasure and honor to report that I have succeeded in securing a facsimile of the first American flag, made by Mrs. Rachel Albright of Fort Madison, Iowa, granddaughter of "Betsy Ross." If you will carefully examine this flag you will be surprised to find that it is most beautifully and artistically made, and that the inscription, "First Flag Made in 1777, by Betsy Ross. This copy of the original flag made in March, 1904, by Rachel Albright, grand-daughter of Betsy Ross aged 91 years and seven months," in her own beautiful handwriting, were actually executed by her as I have seen her using both the needle and the pen.

That she is the grand-daughter of "Betsy Ross" cannot be disputed; as any one can verify these statements, as I have, by examining the Claypool genealogy.

It was one of the most interesting events of my life to receive from her own lips her recollections of the making of the first American flag by her grand mother, "Betsy Ross," who was a noted expert in the use of the needle; and during the twenty-three years that she lived contemporaneously with her, she was taught by her this beautiful art of needle work, as you behold it in this most interesting memento. Her education, her refinement and culture, her modest and Quaker-like appearance with a memory unimpaired by age, impressed me most deeply.

I improved this opportunity to learn from her the facts of the origin of our flag, and it was her statements that led me to believe that we are making a mistake by claiming that we owe it principally to the Washington Coat of Arms.

Determined to ascertain the correctness of these statements, last year, I visited very many of the Eastern libraries and armories, and my investigations and researches confirmed these impressions.

How very thankful I am that my great desire to visit that great temple of patriotism, the "Betsy Ross Mansion" was gratified. This building in a good state of preservation, located in the very business center of Philadelphia, is owned by the Betsy Ross Memorial Association; and when the sum of \$25,000.00, now nearly made up by ten cent membership fees to said association, is paid for the property, then it is to be conveyed to the United States government to be preserved as one of our most interesting historical memorials.

As I entered the front room, originally the store room, now used as a historical museum, I was most cordially greeted by John Quincy Adams, the custodian, a lineal descendant of that grand old patriot Samuel Adams.

Being ushered into that historic shrine in which the angel of patriotism first unfolded the great American emblem, in which woman's loyalty and inspiration was to be forever blended within its sacred folds, I was most solemnly and deeply impressed as I recalled that grand event which occurred for the first time in the presence of the congressional committee, consisting of George Ross, grand-father of Betsy Ross, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, and George Washington, the great American general,—the presentation of the first American flag:

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air;  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With the streakings of the morning light;  
Then from his mansions in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hands,  
The symbol of her chosen land.



# "The Surrender of Cornwallis"

Second Prize Essay

By

Willis T. Newton

South Side High School, Minneapolis



WILLIS T. NEWTON

On the seventeenth of October, 1781, Cornwallis, hemmed in on all sides by Washington and de Grasse, had signified his desire for surrender. He had been cooped up in the town of York by "the boy" LaFayette, and had been stayed in his prison by the same boy till Washington and Rochambeau, and de Grasse appeared upon the scene. And now he was forced to surrender to Washington. It was four years to a day from that other surrender of an English army to an American—when Burgoyne had given up his sword to Gates. Surely history had been making, surely history was now repeating itself. On the eighteenth negotiations were completed. The terms were the same as given by Cornwallis and his superior, Clinton, to Lincoln at Charleston, but eighteen months before.

And now it was the nineteenth. When the sun rose that morning, shamed at the sight of Britain bowing her head to a conqueror, he had veiled his face in a cloud. Dark and gloomy it looked to the proud Britons in York. They had never seen the cloud before. To them it was a shadow over the sun of British supremacy. There was mourning in the camp of the vanquished. Without in the plain each patriot found a bright silver lining on the edge of the cloud, and its face appeared rosy in hue. To them the shadow was just passing from the sun of their freedom it had covered so long. There was rejoicing in the camp of the victors. There was rejoicing, too, throughout all the country-side. The country folk awoke that morning to a sense of joy such as they had not felt for many long weary years. It reminded them to har-

ness up the old carriages, to ride down to York to see the proud red-coats humbled in the dust. All roads led to York, and all those roads were full; hundreds upon hundreds streamed in from every highway and every byway. Here came an old man and his three daughters. His two sons had been with Lincoln in Charleston, now they are with Lincoln in York. Then, defeat and disgrace, now victory and glory. Here came a mother, here a sister, and here a lad of ten, with great tales of deeds he should do when he became a big soldier like brother. The great throng filled the plain without the town, and from within the town swarmed out others, all bent on seeing the great and fateful spectacle.

Meanwhile the sun has reached its zenith and passed down well on its way to the west. Over yonder in the allied camps one hears strains of music. It is a medley. The martial strains of the Marseillaise blend gradually into the jovial measures of "Yankee Doodle." It is near four o'clock. From the town floats out another tune, contrasting strangely with the medley, yet harmonizing well. The Englishmen are piping plaintively the "World's Upside Down." How true it must seem to them. Yonder the lines of the allies are forming. A mile long stretches the white and gold of France. Two rods away, and a mile long stretches the blue and buff of the patriots. White banners float side by side with our noble stripes and stars. At the head of the line sits Washington on his horse, immobile, Lincoln at his right hand, Rochambeau heads the French line, La Fayette, rides at the head of the Americans.

A cry arrests the attention of all. "Look! here come the red-coats." All eyes turn to the town, straining to see. Forth issues a long, sinuous line of red. On they come, gradually assuming shape. Slowly and reluctantly they move, as if measuring every step. Now they are abreast the foot of the conquering line. The band is in the van still playing their mournful "The World's Upside Down." Then come the officers on their steeds, the beasts themselves hanging their heads as if they, too, felt the disgrace of it all. How sad the officers look, as they remember how much it all means to the cause. In single file follow the men, their arms at carry, their banners furled. Their eyes are riveted to the ground, they regret with scorn that they must needs surrender to a band of ill-kept militia and a pack of scoundrel French.

They have reached the head of the line and have stopped. One does not see their commander. The Earl, sick at heart, is unable to leave his tent. An officer rides forth. It is O'Hara. Straight up to Washington he rides. Choking down his grief he hands the sword of his superior to the conqueror. The great general passes it on to Lincoln. Lincoln, through no fault of his own, had been forced to give up his own sword but a little before. Now the brave man takes it unsheaths it, then replaces it in its scabbard and returns it to O'Hara. The gallant Irishman can not restrain his tears as he takes it back.

Twenty-five standards, furled forever, are stacked up at the head of the line. One by one the soldiers lay down their arms and file back and around again. Artillery is deposited at another end of the field. At last when every weapon is laid down, and every man back in his place, we look upon the glorious scene. We hear someone at our side speaking:

"What an imposing spectacle. On the western horizon, the sun is just setting. It sheds its glory on the waters of the bay there. Silhouetted against the gold and pink of the sunset ride the French ships, their guns booming the glad tidings. The waters of the bay, calm and peaceful are lit up with gold. In the plain there is that long line of white, our brave allies. On this side is the blue of our own men. "Old Glory" floats out in all his splendor. The setting sun gleams on the gorgeous red of the Britons their stacked-up arms are glittering. That sunset is the setting of the sun of British supremacy in America. But another sun is rising, the sun of our freedom. May God grant that it never set!"





WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO THE ARMY.  
Half-tone of Second Prize, won by Mr. Willis T. Newton, South Side High School, Minneapolis. Subject of Essay:—"The Surrender of Cornwallis."





## Scotland's Contribution to the American Revolution.

Rev. Alexander McGregor, Ph. D.



DR. ALEX. MCGREGOR.

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls: The best eulogy of Washington I ever read or heard was that spoken by William Gladstone—the greatest Englishman of his day, for more than fifty years a leader in the politics of England. He said: "If I were shown a number of pedestals for the great and good men of the earth and one pedestal higher than all the rest, and I were asked to name a man worthy of that highest pedestal, I would say now, as I would have said for fifty years, 'George Washington for the highest pedestal for man!'"

There gathered around Washington many influences to encourage him; many forces that made possible the revolution, and though he stands before us as the epitome of nobility, of purity, of statesmanship, of generalship, the most magnificent man of his age, and, perhaps, in some ways, of any age, there are some unwritten things, and I have taken one phase, of that unwritten history to talk a little to you this afternoon.—Scotland's contribution to that revolution.

The science of government is a study full of interest from every standpoint of investigation. The nature and genius of a government cannot be well understood except we understand the forces that make for that institution. The formation of the government of this land of ours I think is the grandest thing in human history. The principles that made possible our constitution had been proclaimed for centuries in other lands, the tree that had its incomparable fruit had its seed in other climes. In the good providence of God there came a day and a land and an opportunity for its development.

Baneroff says, "The first public voice in America for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians." The intense love of liberty which upon the first overt act of oppression burst into flame and precipitated rebellion against the crown had been growing and developing in these people who for two centuries had held with unwavering fidelity to the tenets of John Knox, who may be styled the Apostle of Liberty in that land, who never feared the face of clay, for he said, "If princes exceed their bounds they may be resisted even by force," and that sublime utterance from a man of his lineage and his faith made possible the immortal declaration of Meeklenburg, which was the morning aurora of a brighter day that brought our own constitution.

Froude, one of the greatest English historians, declares this utterance of Knox to be "the creed of republics in its first hard form." So that Runnymede, Bothwell Bridge, Killiecrankie, Saratoga and Valley Forge, are inseparably connected for liberty and freedom. Do we wonder that those men and women who took so large and conspicuous a part in the preparation, execution and consummation of our independence as a nation were thus moved?

On the walls of many of their homes in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, there hung the national covenants of Scotland which many of their ancestors had signed with their blood. These famous and historic covenants form a stern, rugged and storm-beaten background on which appears the glorious declaration of American independence. Be it remembered that there were living here in the early years of the last century covenanting captives taken at Bothwell Bridge and sold into the Carolinas as slaves, many of them whose ears had been cut off by "Kirk's Lambs," whose fathers had been hung before their eyes for attending conventicles, and to whom even the gentle Jeremy Taylor had refused to give sympathy. Claverhouse had persecuted them and they found here an asylum. The women were of the same heroic fibre. When captured by the Indians and taken across the Ohio river, the men having been slain, the Indians, elated with victory, made sport of them and said, "Sing us one of your songs." And one godly woman sang the song that thousands of Presbyterian churches had echoed with,

"On Babel's stream we sat and wept,  
When Zion we thought on,  
In midst thereof we hung our harps,  
The willow trees upon.

For there a song requested they,  
Who did us captives bring:  
Our spoilers called for mirth, and said,  
'A song of Zion sing.'"

When history will be written in full, if it is ever written, we will find these women worthy to be the mothers of men who brought about the liberty and independence of our land. They toiled, they struggled, they prayed, they were wounded, they were sabred, they were murdered, but they died like heroines. Who can tell the maternal and paternal preparation for those who had so large a share in making July 4, 1776, one of the grandest hours in human history?

Wendell Phillips said, "Races love to be tried in two ways: first, by the great men they produce; secondly, by the average merit of the mass of the race."

The Dutch, the Huguenots, the Puritan, have left no uncertain mark upon American institutions. Are there symptoms of Scotch blood in the American body? In the beautiful fabric of American democracy can we see the heather and the bluebell? In the libation poured out upon the country's altar can we see Scotia's crimson tide? A great, glorious, and self-sacrificing galaxy of this race appears. Whether they have come from the Highlands or the Lowlands of Scotland or from Little Scotland, the Ulster of Ireland, they are one race, one blood, one religion. Remember that from 1720 to 1770, 12,000 of this race came to this land every year for fifty years—six hundred thousand people—just before the war for Independence; and when history has been fully written we shall understand it better than we do now. The

whole population was about 3,000,000. These emigrants alone would be one-fifth of the whole population; thus, together with the descendants of those who came prior to 1720, with the descendants of those fifty years, the Scotch race must have comprised one-fourth of the entire population.

Around the fourth of July, 1776, what thrilling memories gather! A supreme crisis has come not only in the affairs of this land, but in the affairs of humanity. On the table lay the charter of human freedom, its clear-cut utterances flinging defiance to the strongest nation upon the earth, proclaiming to the world that henceforth America shall be the asylum of liberty and freedom. Strong men trembled. The anxious silence was broken by the venerable Dr. Witherspoon, in whose veins flowed the pure Scottish blood, when he arose and uttered these thrilling words: "To hesitate at this moment is to consent to our own slavery. That noble instrument upon your table which insures immortality to its author should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in this house. He that will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions is unworthy the name of freeman. Whatever I may have of property or reputation is staked on the issue of this contest, and although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather that they descend hither by the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." These burning words from one of the most distinguished leaders of the Congress carried the matter to a triumphant conclusion, the Declaration of Independence was signed and the foundation of the American government was laid.

Mr. Jefferson said, "Patrick Henry, of Virginia, was far ahead of us all; he led the way, and the people from the seaboard to the mountains were aroused to action by his burning words." This son of the Aberdeenshire Scotchman—who shall describe his matchless eloquence, his burning invective, which first astonished the bar and the country in that famous Parson's trial in the House of Burgesses? The aristocracy were startled at this phenomenon from the plebeian ranks who came to be so great a character. It is a matter of record that before these arrayed legislators he denied the right assumed by the British Parliament to tax this colony and declared that they alone had the right to tax themselves. Like Hannibal, climbing the Alps, this heroic son of Scotia led the people who were trembling, fainting and drawing back, facing this powerful party in power; and you remember his immortal words when, with a voice like thunder, and with the look of a god, he cried, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—" and the speaker cried, "Treason!" and all around the house they cried, "Treason!" It was a moment to test the courage of this man, but rising to a lofty altitude and fixing his eye on the speaker he said, "George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." Henry had a rooted aversion and even abhorrence to everything in the shape of pride, cruelty or tyranny. The principle which formed the guide of all his public actions was that the whole human race was one of family, equal in rights, and their birthright liberty. The elements of his character were most happily mingled for the great struggle. His views were not less steady than they were bold. His vision pierced deeply into futurity, and long before a whisper of independence had been heard in this land, he had looked through the whole of the approaching struggle and had seen by faith and prescience his own country seated on the highest pinnacle. When he was at a meeting at Col. Samuel Overton's, in company with several gentlemen, Overton asked him, "Henry, do you think Great Britain will drive us to extremities? Do you think that she will fight it out on this issue?" Mr. Henry looked around to see who were present and said, "She will drive us to extremities—no accommodation will take place—hostilities will soon commence, and a desperate and bloody touch it will be." "But," said Overton, "do you think, Mr. Henry, that an infant nation, as we are, without discipline, arms, ammunition, ships of war or money to procure them, do you think it is possible, thus circumstanced, to oppose successfully the fleets and armies of Great Britain?" "I will be candid with you," replied Mr. Henry. "I doubt whether we shall be able alone to cope with so powerful a nation, but," continued he, rising from his chair, with great animation, "Where is France? Where is Spain? Where is Holland? the natural enemies of Great Britain? Where will they be all this while? Do you suppose they will stand by, idle spectators to the contest? Will Louis XVI be asleep all this while? Believe me, no! When Louis XVI shall be satisfied, by our serious opposition, and our Declaration of Independence, that all prospect of a reconciliation is gone, then, and not till then, will he furnish us with arms, ammunition and clothing; and not with these only, but he will send his fleets and armies to fight our battles for us; he will form with us a treaty offensive and defensive against our unnatural mother; Spain and Holland will join the confederation; our independence will be established, and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth." Overton says, "I shall never forget the voice and prophetic manner with which these predictions were uttered, and which have since been so literally verified. At the word 'Independence' the company appeared to be startled, for they had never heard anything of the kind before even suggested." It was Patrick Henry more than any other who gave the revolutionary impulse to the nation, and like Atlas he bore alone upon his shoulders the cause of freedom among those with whom he associated.

On the 4th of September, 1774, that venerable body, the old Continental Congress of the United States, met in Philadelphia. For the first time the most eminent men of the various colonies were now brought together. They were known to each other by fame but they were personally strangers. The meeting was awfully solemn. The liberty of no less than 3,000,000 people, with that of all their prosperity, was staked on the outcome of this council. No wonder, then, the long, deep and ominous silence, which followed. In the midst of this deep and deathlike silence, when it was beginning to become painfully embarrassing, Mr. Henry arose slowly, as if borne down by the weight of his subject. After faltering through his impressive exordium, he launched into a recital of the colonial wrongs. As he advanced with the grandeur of his subject, glowing with all the majesty of the occasion, his speech seemed more than that of mortal man. Even those who had heard him in all his glory in the House of Burgesses of Virginia were astonished at the sublimity of that famous speech. It seemed the voice of prophecy. With the courage of his convictions he moved them as they had never been moved before.

Caldwell, Brevard, Craighead and others had educated the people of North Carolina far ahead of the Congress. The two Rutledges, and the eloquent Tennant, with others, kindled the patriotic fires in South Carolina. Duffield Wilson, Smith and their associates, moved Pennsylvania for the coming conflict. Thornton and Sullivan had lifted up their voice in New Hampshire—all of them with Scottish fire in their bones.

You and I were pleased just now when we heard about the flag, of how it was made by the grand-daughter of that first woman whose pliable fingers wrought this symbol which we believe will stand while time lasts. I am glad to tell you it was Paul Jones who first unfurled the stars and stripes. A Scotchman compelled France to give it recognition. But this was not enough, it was he who first lifted the old pine-tree flag to the topmast of his vessel. And what did this man do? Those who have studied his life have come to believe that he was no haphazard man but one of the purest and noblest; a man of great thought and purpose, whose name should be enrolled upon the same scroll as those of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Lafayette. Behold this man, with his Little Ranger of 18 guns, plunging into the very heart of the British Channel, which was crowded with the massive gunboats of Britain's proud navy. Little did England imagine that any commander of an American vessel would have the audacity



to approach even within sight of its shores. Yet this heroic leader, almost in sight of England's coast, captured her merchant-men and bewildered with his bold adventures the Scotch and English coast, finally escaping, though a whole fleet had watched him for days and there seemed no human probability of escape.

When Jones intended to land at Leith and lay Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, under obligation to him, and make her under his guns conform to his command, his bold endeavor was frustrated by a change of wind. Had he accomplished it all Scotland and England would have been aroused.

It is said an eccentric Scotch preacher named Sherra assembled his people upon the shore and in full view of the approaching vessel containing Paul Jones, kneeled upon the shore and offered the following unique and remarkable prayer:

"Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Klrkaldy: for ye ken they're puir enough already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blows he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too good for anything. Muckles the mischlef he has done already! He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes and tirl them to the sark. And, waes me, wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives! The puir women are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna thnk o' it! I eanna think o' it! I hae been lang a faithful servant to ye, Lord, but gin ye dinna turn the wind about and blaw the scoundrel out o' our gate, I'll nae stir a foot but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak your will o't." (Laughter.)

To the no little astonishment of these simple people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, sending one of Jones' prizes on shore and forcing him out to sea, compelling him to abandon his project of bringing Edinburgh to his terms.

Among the generals of this era are Gen. Knox, Gen. Wayne, Gen. Montgomery, Gen. Sullivan, Gen. Mereer, Gen. Stark, Gen. Morgan, and Gen. Davidson.

Gen. Morgan, the hero of Saratoga, fought the famous battle of Cowpens. His state and the Congress of the United States gave him a horse and a sword and a medal. King's Mountain, with its heroic leader Campbell, and his Scotch followers, are a part of the annals of the struggle.

The name of Rev. James Caldwell will be remembered as long as New Jersey and the nation lives. He kept the enthusiasm of his troops at the highest pitch. When supplies were short he became assistant commissary general. Washington regarded his service as invaluable. On one occasion he ventured to his home. Apprised of his coming the Hessian troops tried to capture him. Failing in this, they murdered his wife in the presence of her children, burning the manse over their heads. The best families asked the privilege of taking some of his children. Lafayette adopted one of his sons. On one occasion, in a hot engagement at Springfield, he discovered the firing of one of the companies slackened for want of wadding. He rushed into a Presbyterian church near by, gathered an armful of Watts' hymn-books, distributed them along the line and said, "Now put Watts into them, boys!" With a laugh and a cheer they rammed the charges home and gave the British Watts with a will.

Gladstone says that the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. Alexander Stevens, one of the profoundest writers on American government, speaking of the framers of the constitution, refers to them as the "ablest body of jurors, legislators and statesmen that has ever assembled on the continent of America."

In working out this difficult problem a galaxy of distinguished men, in whose veins flowed Scottish blood, the chief actors were Alexander Hamilton, James Wilson and John Rutledge. Alexander Hamilton as a statesman stands next to Washington. Even Jefferson transcends him neither in patriotism nor ability. Talleyrand says, "I consider Napoleon, Fox and Hamilton the three greatest men of one epoch, and without hesitation I award the first place to Hamilton." It was his brilliant abilities that won over New York to the adoption of the Constitution. The last of this trinity, John Rutledge, was appointed chairman of a committee of five to make the first draft of this wonderful instrument. Baneroft says of him, "He was the foremost statesman of his time south of Virginia, in the darkest hours intrepid, hopeful and inventive of resources, of whom Patrick Henry said, 'He is the most eloquent man in the Congress of 1774.'" The logical structure and framework of the constitution is in a large degree the work of Mr. Rutledge, giving immortal honor to his name and race.

In April, 1789, the government of the United States was organized and Washington for the third time was called to take the leadership of the affairs of his country. In that auspicious hour the principles of constitutional liberty lifted up their gorgeous structure to the gaze of an astounded world. He whose hand was upon the helm chose wisely his counsellors—Mr. Jefferson, secretary of state; Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury; Henry Knox, secretary of war; Randolph, of Virginia, attorney general; Rutledge, Wilson, Blair and Iredell were appointed justices of the supreme court. Distinguished sons were they all, of that noble race who by their courageous lives for their country and their God have made the Scottish race forever famous.

Brice, in his American Commonwealth, says, "The United States are believed to disclose and display the type of institutions toward which as by a law of fate, the rest of civilized mankind are forced to move, some with swifter, others with slower, but all with unhesitating feet." True liberty, broad democracy, flows from our shores and laves every island and continent on the globe.

Scientists may tell us, as we become older, that there is no Gulf Stream flowing from our shores bathing Iceland and Norway and England and France and sending its warm waves down to the Azores; they may say that there is no Gulf Stream and that it is a figment of the imagination; but History will record that since these men came from Holland and France and Ireland and Scotland, from the valleys and the mountains of Europe seeking liberty, that this land has thrown back a tidal wave of democracy and of independence and that we are now revealing to the world that there is one republic that has stood the test of these years; and all the republics of the earth have gained because these men gave their lives, because they dreamed and hoped and prayed for liberty, because they had so glad a share in this movement for which we are thankful. (Applause).

## "George Washington"

Third Prize Essay

By

Edwin Eklund, Moorhead, Minn.



EDWIN EKLUND.

Ask any thinking American what is the greatest nation on earth? Unquestionably he will tell you the United States. It is the greatest nation because its possibilities are greatest. At present, the ascendancy and conquest of the world by America, is a question of greatest importance in all the cabinets of Europe. Their foremost statesmen see our power and recognize the danger. It is almost an impossibility that we should not become the greatest power on earth, and our greatness will far surpass that of ancient Rome, England, Greece or Spain, as far as the civilization of our day goes beyond that of theirs. First we are imperial in size. Any of the European powers, but Russia, could be set down in any one of several of our states. Then we are imperially located within easy access of Europe, South America and the East. Our coast line is greater than that of the five powers together and with our large, deep and protected harbors makes our commercial supremacy certain. The natural resources of our land are unbounded, greater than the human mind can comprehend. There are the vast forests, which, although they have been wasted without regard, will, with proper care, endure for hundreds of years. Our mines have only just been opened. Our agricultural lands are the greatest and best in the world, and are far from thoroughly developed; in fact, hundreds of thousands of acres await the hand of the enterprising farmer. As regards manufactures, we are fast becoming the workshop of the world.

But our government, the great free government, is the greatest dowry of every American citizen. The land of liberty, the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, the land which permits the unrestrained, unhampered expansion of soul and intellect, is ours, the land which in true greatness will tower far above that of any other nation of the past or future. It should be the thought of every American, that to be a citizen of the grand republic is the greatest thing in the world.

What honor then is not the due of him who made this country a possibility, or at the least, was the greatest factor in so doing? Does not deserve all that can be given to mortal man? He does, and it has been given him and will ever be acknowledged his right. Let us give all but our souls for upholding this man. No question remains in our minds as to who this man is. We know him. The world knows and honors him as its hero. He is "The Father of Our Country," George Washington.

Reared by simple but virtuous parents, he early in life held positions of great responsibility. He rose step by step to positions of trust and responsibility, until his life's work was ended. He received homage and praise that would have turned the head of any other man, but its effect on him could not be seen.

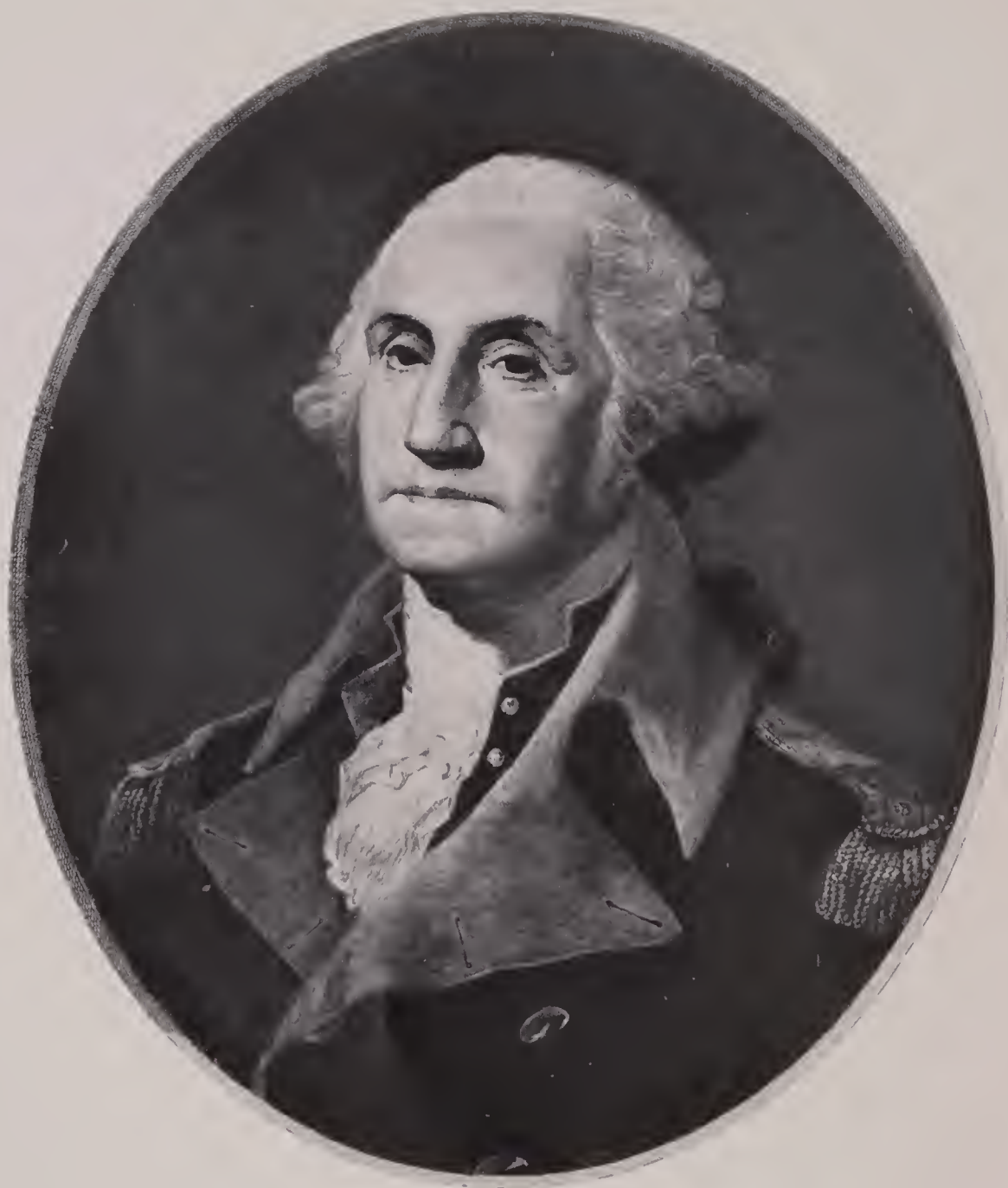
He was the thinking part of the nation for twenty-two years and his history is that of the early nation for nothing of importance happened in which he did not take the chief hand. Without him the revolution would have been a failure. It was his prudence, firmness of resolution, ability to cope with a large force with a small ill equipped army, and power to keep the army sustained, that made the war a possibility. As to his military genius, its greatness is not questioned. His Trenton campaign has been pronounced the greatest of the century by Frederick the Great. While his far sighted genius and readiness to take advantage of opportunities is shown in the Yorktown campaign, which eventually brought about our liberty. Then when he had accomplished what no other man could have done he resigned his commission. A beautiful incident of history. But he loses no interest in our national life, in fact, in the following years he accomplishes the greatest things of his life. During the most "Critical Period of American History" he plays the chief part, again making our existence a possibility. He prevents the country from falling into anarchy, and civil war. It was his commanding will more than anything else that made the Constitution a possibility by guiding it through the seas of strife and preventing the overbearance of personal interests.

Then he was chosen as the first president of the nation. He entered the president's chair with a paper Constitution. He left it an existing nation, with a good financial system, a splendid foreign policy, and a united people. When he undertook his duties the land was divided into 13 quarrelsome republics, a mere confederation. He left it with a government so enduring that it has increased in power for over one hundred years and will continue to do so for centuries to come.

What name in history is comparable with his? Should we honor Alexander, who, by the debauchery of a night, ruined his young life, more than him, who lived a true life of Christian morality? Is Caesar, who defied the laws of his land, who slaughtered thousands because they defended their homes, comparable to him who saved a people for the sake of the righteousness of the world? No! Neither Rome nor Greece, England, Switzerland, France or Holland can show a man whom the world will acknowledge the equal of ours. For who can so reveal the characteristics of an ideal man. A man of great intellect, a military genius, while as a conservative statesman few ever surpassed him, and with all this he led a life of true morality. The vital flaw in his make-up is yet to be found and in truth, never will be found.

Let us, therefore, unite in giving his dues to him who lived a life so just, so true, who performed his duties so thoroughly, that not only his friends, and enemies, not only the American people, but the world, love him as their hero. Of whom it has been truly said "a greater figure never stood in the forefront of a nation's life," but of whom it can be said, a greater figure never stood as the hero of mankind.





GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Half-tone of Third Prize won by Mr. Edwin Eklund, Moorhead, Minn., High School.  
Subject of Essay:—"George Washington."





# After Dinner Speeches

At the Regular Annual Banquet Held Feb. 22, 1904  
at The Hotel Aberdeen, St. Paul.

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## The Ideal Citizen.

Rev. W. H. W. Boyle, D. D.



REV. W. H. W. BOYLE, D. D.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: Patriotism, in its splendid, enduring spirit, is surely in the air. I have come here from a ministers' banquet, where the sentiment was as deeply and sincerely that of love and hope for the Fatherland as it can possibly be in this gathering made up mainly of laymen.

I consider it a very great honor to be invited by your committee to speak tonight. I recall the fact at this moment that, being a citizen of St. Paul for just a year and two months, this is the eleventh patriotic gathering I have had the privilege of addressing, and I have considered each time an opportunity, bringing to me very much greater pleasure than it could have brought to those who listened to me. I am named first speaker tonight. Mr. White placed me last on the program at the meeting of the Society of Colonial Wars, held in this room a few weeks ago, with the idea, I suppose, that one of the functions of the preacher is to pronounce the benediction. I promise you that with the advantage of coming first on the program of the evening, you will be saved the infliction of a prolonged sermon. When Mayor Haynes spoke of the child and the book, it reminded me of the experience of a minister who went to his physician asking for something to relieve him of insomnia. On Sabbath evenings when he came home, after the tenseness and tiredness of the day of toil, he found it very difficult to sleep; and his physician was unkind enough to suggest that he rise and read one of his sermons, with the insinuation implied that there was something in them which had superinduced sleep for others. (Laughter).

Patriotism is a sentiment native to the human heart and therefore a grace of the human family. Some one has said that the man without a country is next in point of misfortune to the man who is without a God. I cannot think of patriotism, in the truest and deepest meaning of the word, without having the thought of God brought in; and, when we sing the National Anthem on an occasion like this, the strongest suggestion is worship:

"Our father's God, to thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To Thee we sing."

Garibaldi's men, when they did not dare announce their deep soul of patriotism, arranged their vegetables on their tables on the market square in the hues of the tri-color; and Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, when Europe would not hear his appeal, stopped by the side of a costermonger and said, "The wocs of a million Magyars are on my bleeding heart!" He wanted to tell somebody.

I thoroughly believe in the memorial and in the monument. The old-time Romans were accustomed to place the busts and statues of their illustrious ancestors in their vestibules, that so their children, being reminded of the virtues of their sires, might learn to emulate them. The people of Switzerland put statues of the hero of Lucerne in their public squares, remembering how he gathered five foremost spears of the enemy to his breast and died creating the breach through which his countrymen pressed to victory. Germany remembers her Frederick and 'graves his prowess into memorial stone. England lifts her Nelson and her Marlborough and her Wellington on lofty pedestal, and America ought to have her Washington everywhere! (Applause.)

I do not see, gentlemen, why, when the splendid capitol building is opened, within the year, this Society, with kindred societies, should not have inaugurated such a movement as would result in the placing of a magnificent statue of Washington yonder on the plaza before the capitol. (Applause.) Why, I can get a thousand dollars for it out of the House of Hope on one Sabbath morning (laughter); I am willing to do it. Mr. Noyes is ready to subscribe a hundred dollars tonight. (Laughter and applause.)

May be some one will say, what the followers of Luther did when his statue was refused, only for religious reasons, a place in Germany—Walhalla: "What need have we of a statue of him who lives in our hearts?" You will say, and I can say, "What need have we of a

statue of him who lives in our hearts?" But for the sake of the rising generation, sir, to whom you have touchingly referred, I believe that our public squares should have gracing them statues of our great men, that so, our children, like the children of the Romans, might learn to emulate the virtues of their sires.

I have been for twelve years a citizen of this country. I had the misfortune, as you may consider it, to be born "across the line," but when I came into the privilege and responsibility of citizenship here, one of the first things I did was to study the institutions of the country and get into sympathy with its best ideals. Among the first places I visited is one most sacred in the memory and the affection of the American citizen—that palace of royalty on the green sward over the Potomac, the quiet retreat and last resting place of a republic's first citizen, Mt. Vernon, the beautiful! (Applause.) As I passed reverently through its halls I read tribute after tribute, and, among others, this: "Washington, the brave, the wise, the good; supreme in war, in council, in peace; in disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all, himself. Vallant without ambition; discreet without fear; confident without presumption; who, when he had won all renounced all, and sought, in the bosom of his family and nature, retirement, in the hope of religion—immortality." And when I had read it I copied it and kept it, kept it for tonight. Now, when I read it afresh I breathe some inspiration of the Book and say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"; thou livest in the hearts of the people, and thou livest in the joy of thy Lord, America's man and God's man!

It is not my intention to speak definitely to the thought of the Ideal Citizen only as he is found in the ideal and representative individual, the limitation of time will prevent. But I do want to speak a little of Washington, the man, as I conceive of him in the qualities which made him great. The name and the fame of Washington the statesman and soldier will no doubt be treated by those who are to speak after me, but I feel that in glorifying the man, I will at the same time glorify the statesman made out of the man, and the warrior, whose courage and high purpose crowned him.

If we go over to London we see there two monuments to the memory of "Chinese" Gordon. One was built to mark the achievements of the soldier. It is a beautiful illustration of the very best art, executed in the finest spirit of art. There is another one, out close by Greenwich, where he cared for the neglected waifs of the streets; and when the sad news came from Khartoum, the boys put their pennies together and builded a monument for the praise of their benefactor. Why do people stand at the foot of the one and weep while they stand at the foot of the other and only admire? Because Gordon the man, in the estimation of his people, was something nobler even than Gordon the soldier. And, back of all the splendid achievements of Washington the general, and Washington the statesman, and Washington the President, lies the foundation principle of all that is enduring—plain, conscientious, resourceful George Washington, the man.

He was a man of destiny. We all believe that there is the "fullness of times." We have only to go back over the centuries to find a strategic moment when, out of the shrine of the burning bush, Moses received his sublime commission,—not before the right time and not after it. Later in history there was the trembling of the eternities in the balances of time when Charles Martel, the "hammer of God," beat back at Tours the invasion of the Moors and saved Europe from the enervating sway of a race that has been the very negation of God. Still later, brave Oliver Cromwell, standing with John Hampden on an English dock and about to take ship for a refuge in the forests of America, from civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, turned to Hampden and said,

"The helm is shaking now, and I will stay  
To pluck my lot forth; it were sin to flee."

He did stay, and that which the Anglo-Saxon has become to the world sprung out of that moment of decision. And, when one day up in the forests of the northland, a general would not take the advice of his under-officer and fell while George Washington lived, there was mention of it up in Heaven, for the destiny of a continent was hinged on the doings of that hour.

I have been a lover of history through all my life. Some way or other, "as is the boy so the man." I still love to linger in thought on Bethoron, on Marathon, on Issus, on Austerlitz, on Waterloo, on Yorktown, on Gettysburg, conflicts with "decisive" written against them; but I do not read the clearest lines of destiny there. The hand of God in the marshalling events of history is as plain as the hand of God in the making of a flower. But I am sure you have, with me, noted this, that the paths of definite destiny have been the paths of men who have advanced on their knees,—Paul on his knees at Damascus, Constantine on his knees under the night sky and the legend of the cross, "In hoc signo vinces," Luther on his knees on the Sancta Scala, John Knox on his knees in the galleys, the Pilgrims on their knees in the Mayflower, were all making history with the Divine acknowledged; and George Washington, in the moment of seeming disaster, out on the edge of the woods, with his face turned up to the night stars and the God above the stars, was making history for America. (Applause.)

I desire to say one other thing before I close. Man of destiny, as he was, he was the greater man as the Ideal Citizen because he was a man of convictional force. Perfection is not the attribute of any man living, or of any man who has ever lived, or of any man who ever shall live, but I think we can pay tonight a tribute to the memory of the name which we hold in honor something similar to that which Disraeli paid to his great political opponent, W. E. Gladstone. One afternoon, when he had spoken against the Great Commoner's peace policy, he said, half derisively, half reverently, "Why, gentlemen, Gladstone does not seem to have a single redeeming vice." (Laughter.)

Now, it may be there are some things unrevealed back in the history of Washington from the day when "He wouldn't tell a lie" up to the day at Yorktown, when he fell back on a word that a preacher scarcely dare repeat, (laughter) using the extra emphasis as he said to one of his generals, "Wasn't there a command to raise ramparts here? If they are not raised within ten minutes, George Washington will have to know why." At any rate, we are reasonably sure of this, behind what George Washington had to say or do lay the might of convictional force. May be his strength of character was the result in some measure of his environment—a great deal generally is. What man ever had a better environment than George Washington in those stirring creative days! Were not the Huguenot, and the Hollander, and the Puritan, and the Covenanter, in the councils of George Washington? The Huguenot, with his heroic principles of faith; the Hollander, with his infinite patience; the Puritan, with his courtliness and his confessor's creed and his commercial instinct; and the covenant children of Ulster and Scotland with their inflexible tenacity.

I believe he inherited much of that convictional force. Down at Mount Vernon, I looked into three books bearing the name of George Washington. They were these: "The Character of a Good Wife and Mother," "The Beauties of Isaac Watts," and "Hervey's Meditations on the Starry Heavens." A book is the measure of its reader's intellectual and moral



bent, and he was living on that kind of mind food while he was studying military strategy and laying the foundations of a nation.

The man who rents a pew and pays for it can generally be depended upon; and, when I read, in the old Church at Alexandria, that George Washington had rented a pew for thirty-six pounds and ten shillings, I said to the verger, "Did he pay it?" The old soldier opened the book, and there was the evidence that George Washington had paid his seat rent! (Laughter.) It is a good sign of this ideal citizen that he found a place in God's house.

Much of the depth of his conviction he inherited from his mother. Possibly some of you have seen the story of the officer who came down to Virginia looking for horses for the army. Passing by a farm, not knowing whose it was, he saw a fine pair and crossing the fence went into the field and said, "That's just the kind of horses I want for the army, and I'm going to have yours," inquiring the price. The ploughman said, "They are not for sale. Anyway, I have nothing to say about it; you'll have to go up and see the madam." He went over to the house and said, "I have decided to take those horses and I want to know what price you set on them." The good woman said, in a very gentle way, "They are not for sale, sir." "But Washington," continued the officer, "says that it is my duty to get the best horses at any price, and I'm going to have those horses." To which the good woman replied, "Tell General Washington that his mother says he cannot have them." (Laughter.)

Once I saw a magnificent statue representing Truth, and I think of George Washington tonight as I think of that figure of heroic size, for he was the incarnation of truth in principle, the defender of it, as well. The right hand of the figure holds a sword; the left hand draws away a white garment from the touch of Error from whose head the sword has struck off the mask of untruth.

We clearly recognize the difficulties of living up to the ideal of true citizenship. As we see illustrations of greed and graft in the government of too many of our American cities, we recognize the need of a virile citizenship, built after the ideal of the statue, with a sword of justice, to smite from the head of Untruth the mask of error and unrighteousness, that so the American citizen may be what he pledges himself before his God to be—all on the altar for his country's honor. (Applause.) There must be diffusion of knowledge and there must be diffusion of conscientiousness, if there is going to be a safe diffusion of liberty.

We say,

"Truth forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne."

But I do not think it is going to be "forever." I could not be an optimist and believe that. But I can believe this: Truth in a dungeon is truth still, and Error on a throne is error still; and Truth in a dungeon is on its way to victory, and Error on a throne is on its way of defeat. (Applause.)

When Alexander the Conqueror started out on his career of conquest, he stopped up at the old city of Troy, and asked for the grave of Achilles, the hero. When he found it he knelt down on it and raising up his hands said, "O, ye gods, give to me the spirit of Achilles, and I will conquer the world!" In that moment he caught the inspiration that sent him out undauntedly to world conquest. What you and I need tonight, as we stand under the blue of fidelity, the white of purity, the red of self-sacrifice, in that flag, is to keep the memory of the great man warm in our hearts with his best precept: "Labor to keep alive within your bosom that little spark of heavenly fire called conscience;" to say, as we kneel yonder at Mount Vernon by the Potomac, where the dust of the patriot lies, give to me the spirit, the convictional force, of George Washington, and I will have my part in building the republic for God's honor and humanity's good. As goes America, so goes the world. (Applause.)



## Patriotism's Debt to the Memory of Washington.

Mr. Thomas Cochran.



THOMAS COCHRAN.

Love of country is a well-nigh universal sentiment; a savage will often pine away and die, when removed from the scenes and surroundings of his local habitat. With him it is not love for any corporate entity, such as we call a nation, or such as we mean when we speak of "our land," "our country," or "our government," although as has been said, "This is the narrowest and most provincial form, though perhaps the strongest of that passion or virtue called patriotism." (Lowell). In the case of the savage, the psychologist would call it the habit of affection which keeps a man content in the place of his residence, however meagre his fare and however harsh his environment; and which will lead him to incur any danger in defending it from attack.

When our thoughts turn to the civilized peoples of the world, how varied the expressions in which the passion of patriotism finds voice and yet there is a phrase for it peculiar to every nation. The Englishman, in whatever distant colony he may have settled, will constantly talk about the "old country," and his every visit thither is simply "going home;" the American feels his blood run warm at every mention of the flag and to him the stars and stripes wherever seen are the very embodiment of patriotism; the absent German drinks with his "Hoeh, hoch," to the "Vaterland;" the Frenchman enthusiastically greets his country as "La Belle France;" even the Russian peasant has a fond and personal attachment to his Czar whom he affectionately calls "The Little Father;" and before our eyes there is passing, at this very moment, an Oriental panorama, which shows the little yellow people of the Chinese Sea fairly aflame with patriotism, for the Japanese have been kindled with its fire.

Thus the very life of a nation depends upon the patriotism of its people. There is no passion other than love which will suffice to engage the services and sacrifices which, sooner or later in a country's history, its government will call upon its citizens to render and endure. In times of peace and especially in a Republic, the patriotic citizen must constantly be subject to inconvenience and loss of time and must exert no end of effort in order that he may rightly serve the state.

James Russell Lowell, whom I have already quoted, eloquently says that "A country worth saving is worth saving all the time and that a country with such energies as ours, with such opportunities and inducements to grow rich and such temptations to be content with growing rich, needs saving all the time." Many of us remember, as they remember nothing else, the overwhelming rush of that great national passion obliterating all lines of party division and levelling all landmarks of habitual politics. Who that saw it will ever forget that enthusiasm of loyalty for the flag and for what the flag symbolized which forty years ago swept all the country's forces of thought and sentiment of memory and hope into the grasp of its overmastering torrent? Martial patriotism touches the heart, kindles the imagination and rouses the nobler energy of men as nothing else ever does or can. Even love is a paler emotion. That image of our country with the flame of battle in her eye which every man then saw, how beautiful it was; how potent to inspire devotion."

It was just this passion of martial patriotism which actually brought the United States into being. Other peoples can look back to the events of centuries and justify their love of country by a thousand happenings, but with the American people it was prophetic patriotism which brought the nation forth, a creative influence based upon the love of independence and self government, constructive, as it was self-sacrificing and efficient, because it moved men and women in all the thirteen colonies to be willing to sacrifice "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" to their country's cause.

An American historian has said, writing upon Lessing, that "There was as little patriotism in Germany during the seventeenth century as in our own country in colonial times." If this were true in any degree of the masses of the people, it surely was not true when spoken of our Revolutionary fathers, and least of all could it be true of Washington.

If ever an affectionate appellation was fitly given to the founder of a nation then was Washington most aptly baptized by the love of his fellow countrymen as the "Father of his country."

I had the honorable privilege, when a member of the Seventh Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York, in those dark days of April, 1865, to stand guard in the New York City Hall over the casket of President Lincoln. The double doors of the Governor's room giving out upon the marble staircase, were thrown wide open and around a sentinel standing in the center of the space, thousands upon thousands of his fellow citizens passed in procession to do a momentary honor to his remains. If ever there was a face which bore likeness to that of the "Man of Sorrows" in the deepness of its lines and the sadness of the whole countenance, it was the face of the martyred President, as he was borne to his resting place in Springfield. But just opposite to the head of the casket and easily visible from where I stood, there looked down from the wall of the Governor's room, a portrait of Washington. As I gazed upon the face in the coffin and then turned my eyes to what seemed to be a living image upon the wall, I thought that if it had not been for Washington there would have been no Lincoln. It is a matter of recorded history that while yet a boy, Lincoln had his imagination inflamed with the future greatness of his country and his heart enkindled by love of it by the reading of that old-fashioned book, "Weem's Life of Washington."

The broadened stream of patriotism which first sprang from the breasts of Washington and his fellow Revolutionary leaders, bore Lincoln and the heroes of the Civil War, safely through all their trials and made victory possible.

It were a brave man that would at this date in our history, endeavor to pronounce a new eulogy upon the memory of Washington. In a single sentence, quoted from the autobiography of Senator Hoar, the opinion of his countrymen can be given. Speaking of one of his fellow senators upon whom he was pronouncing a memorial address in the course of which he had mentioned Washington's name, he said: "Of course, I do not compare my good friend with him, to whom no man living, or that ever lived on earth, can be compared."



Washington lived and was known by his neighbors and friends in the state wherein he was born, first of all as a gentleman; he was of gentle birth, which only sometimes makes the gentleman, but in the practice of his whole life displaying such qualities as prudence, modesty, sound judgment, simplicity, absolute veracity, absolute integrity, patience, disinterestedness, filial piety, Christian principle, undaunted courage and the loftiest patriotism, he proved his title to the name. Washington died, and found his place in the Valhalla of the dead rulers of the earth; he took his rank among them and like Saul, the son of Kish, stood head and shoulders above all his fellows.

"He might have been a king;  
But that he understood  
How much it was a meaner thing  
To be unjustly great than honorably good."

The memory of Washington! ye Sons of the American Revolution, does it not make your hearts throb more strongly and your pulses beat more quickly simply to allow your imagination to wander among the events of his life and to ponder over all the nobility of his sacrifices for his country's welfare? As a gentleman we would like to have known him and to have been greeted in his own home at Mount Vernon with all his courtliness of manner and to have had the opportunity of mingling in one of the functions of the olden time; to have watched at once the grace and the majesty of his demeanor; his gallantry to women; his tender love and companionship for little children, and the admiration which he evoked from every man of whatever station, whether he were friend or foe.

The memory of Washington! When in New York, I like to turn from the financial center of Wall street, down through Broad and go to the river's bank. Just before arriving there, one passes a three-story, yellow, brick building still standing upon the left, and finds a landmark plate upon it telling that it was here Washington bade farewell to his officers at the close of the Revolutionary War. They had gathered in the dining room of Fraunces' Tavern that they might eat together for the last time. When the meal was finished, Washington, who sat at the head of the table, arose and those near him could see that lump rise in his throat which bespeaks uncontrollable emotion upon the part of a man. With an effort he announced to his officers that the time of parting had come and asked them each to pass him by at the head of the table and bid him farewell by a grasp of the hand. So they came, one by one, without a word and with tears in every eye, they bade their commander, whom they so loved and revered, "Good bye." Then two by two they took their sad way to the water's edge where the barge was waiting and upon which Washington embarked alone. At Paulus Hook, a ship was waiting in which he was to sail for Mount Vernon and as the bow of the boat which carried him, touched its side, Washington arose in the stern and with a wave of his hand, mounted the ship's ladder and disappeared from view. His officers, still waiting upon the wharf, returned his salute and made their way sadly to their homes.

The memory of Washington! He was not long to enjoy the solitude and family happiness of Mount Vernon, but as he had in the first place been one of the creators of the young and inchoate republic, was called forth again to be its savior. It cannot be mistaken history to say that if Washington had not presided over the constitutional convention and used all the powerful influence of his fame and of his pen, the Constitution would never have been adopted and the confederacy of the thirteen colonies would probably have fallen to pieces; and so George Washington, born and proved a gentleman, known to fame as one of the greatest commanders of the centuries, sealed the closing of his great career by his statesmanlike deeds.

The memory of Washington! He died; and his death and funeral obsequies attracted the attention of the nations of the world. One clause of that wonderful document, his will, bequeathed to each of four of his nephews, one of his swords in these words: "These swords are accompanied with the injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

An eloquent English preacher, at the close of a lecture in this city, upon the "Men of the Mayflower," turned to his audience and gave a brilliant peroration, beginning with the sentence, "Such were the men of the Mayflower; what sort of men are ye who are their descendants and the inheritors of their blessings?"

This is the fit question for us here tonight and I would wish that we, ourselves, and that our sons' sons and that their sons after us might be such as Senator Hoar described his fellow senator to be in the memorial address already referred to, when he said, "He was one of the men that Washington would have loved and that Washington would have leaned upon." There never was a better epitaph for an American citizen. There can be no better aim than to deserve it.

## The Battle of Long Island.

Mr. M. D. Grover.



M. D. GROVER.

Gentlemen, it is a pleasure to be with you tonight. You have good cigars and they will give you content and comfort, I hope, while I tell you a story of a military blunder of Washington, of a bloody battle, and of an escape and retreat as providential as was the escape of the Children of Israel through the parting waters of the sea.

The act of settlement by which Parliament asserted and exercised the right to confer the British Crown on the House of Hanover marks an epoch in English history.

George I. had a daughter by his mistress, Baroness Kellmansegge, and that daughter became one of the most charming and delightful women of her time. She married Viscount Howe, an Irish peer, who lived in Nottingham, and had three sons, George, Richard and William. The negligence, incapacity or indifference of William Howe, who commanded the British army in the Battle of Long Island, and of Richard Howe, who commanded the English fleet in New York harbor an ocean fog, which drifted in from the sea over Brooklyn heights, and the placing of a Hessian, who could not speak English, on the British picket line, saved Washington's army from capture, enabled it to retreat, and made American independence possible.

General Charles Lee, second in command under Washington, left Boston in February, before the British army left the town for Halifax, and with 1,200 Connecticut militia, took possession of the city of New York, establishing his camp on ground now occupied by the post-office and city-hall. General Howe retired from Boston on the 17th of March and went to Halifax with the British fleet and troops. The next day Washington sent part of his army to New York. The rest of his army fol-

lowed, going by way of Norwich and New London, where some of us were the other day, and then by sail through Long Island Sound, reaching New York early in April. The city then had a population of 22,000. It did not extend above Chatham street. The Hudson river, on the line of Wall street, was then two miles wide and the East river one mile. Washington and the Military Committee of Congress thought the city ought to be defended and could be held against British attack.

The British campaign for that year contemplated the capture of New York and the possession of Hudson river and Lake Champlain.

General Lee, John Jay and others advised the abandonment of the city and against undertaking its defense. Washington did not protest, but followed the desire of the committee of Congress. Let me ask you to bear in mind that if we ever have a war and get Congress to vote the money to carry it on, we should join in asking committees of Congress to keep silent. Washington, at the request of Congress, and contrary to his own judgment sent General Sullivan with about 4,000 men through Lake Champlain to Canada, leaving in his army for the defense of New York not to exceed 10,000 men.

Let me ask you to follow the dates and facts as I state them. This will strengthen some of you in the belief that there is an overruling Providence governing men and things.

William Howe, with the British army which retired from Boston to Halifax, reached New York on the 30th day of June, 1776. His army, consisting of about 15,000 men landed and encamped on Staten Island. On the 12th day of July, eight days after the Declaration of Independence was made public, Richard Howe, commanding the British fleet, entered New York Bay and landed about 15,000 British and Hessian troops on Staten Island. On the 28th day of July, General Clinton returned from his unsuccessful attack on Charleston, accompanied by the fleet of Admiral Parker and over 4,000 men, so that by the last of July there were in New York harbor fifty-two of the largest British warships on the sea, twenty-seven armed sloops and cutters, and four hundred transports, and on Staten Island an army of 35,000 men.

Washington's army had been increased to about 20,000 men, but one quarter of this number was ill or unequipped. On that army of farmers, mechanics and laborers, undisciplined, but brave and patriotic, rested the destiny of the cause of American independence. Of the army of Washington 9,000 men were placed on Brooklyn Heights under the command of General Greene, who caused earthworks and redoubts to be built, extending from Wallabout Bay to Gowanus Creek. These 9,000 men were in a trap. Between them and New York, where the rest of the army was located, was the East river, a mile wide, and no means of retreat in case of defeat because of the want of boats and means of transportation. Across the bay on Staten Island was the British army of 35,000 men and in the bay and in sight of Brooklyn Heights were the British warships, sloops, cutters and transports.

A small fort had been constructed near the location of the elevated station on what is now known as the Battery. Two or three vessels had been sunk in the channel between New York and Governor's Island. Batteries had been constructed along the shores of the East and North rivers, but they were useless. They were not well manned as there were not to exceed 500 artillerymen in Washington's army. Admiral Howe sent the sloops of war Phoenix and Rose up the North river in defiance of the batteries the day following the arrival of his fleet in the harbor. The Phoenix and Rose remained in the river in what is known as Tappan sea for about ten days. The batteries could not prevent Admiral Howe from moving his fleet and the British army up the North river and taking possession of the river and of Harlem Heights, thus cutting off retreat of Washington's army and making its escape impossible. Ships could have passed up East river with a favorable wind, thus preventing a retreat of the 9,000 men under the command of Greene on Brooklyn Heights. The fleet, or any portion of it, could have sailed through Long Island Sound and located a whole or a part of the British army in the rear of the army of Washington, thus cutting off its retreat.

General Howe did not attack and take New York, which he might easily have done soon after his arrival, and while Washington's army was weak and unprepared. He remained on Staten Island without making a move until the 22nd day of August. He and his brother Richard, the admiral, were very anxious to conclude some sort of a Whig or compromise peace. The admiral had obtained from the ministry qualified authority to make peace and he seems to have had confidence of success, relying perhaps on the large and threatening military and naval British force.

George Howe, the eldest of the three brothers, was an officer in the British army in the French War of 1755. He adopted the habits of the provincials, dressed as they did, joined



with them in their method of warfare, and they loved him. He was killed, as you will remember, in an attack ordered by General Abercrombie on Fort Ticonderoga. I have seen at the spot in the woods where he fell. When the 30th day of May comes no hand of man or woman will touch that spot, but it will be decorated by the wild flowers of the woods. The refreshing fragrance of mountain honey suckles will be wafted over it by wind from the lake, which the fort he fought to capture was constructed to defend. Massachusetts loved George Howe, and today there is a monument in Westminster Abbey, which was erected to his memory by the Colony of Massachusetts. His brother Richard succeeded him as Lord Howe, and, at the request of his mother, his brother William was elected a member of Parliament. They were Whigs. William and Richard sympathized with the colonies. William voted for the repeal of the Stamp Act. He was given command of the army and Richard was given command of the fleet because they were related through their mother to the Royal family, and because it was believed that through their sympathy with the colonies and through the love of the colonies for their brother George, they might be able to negotiate with the colonies in such a way as to end the war. Negotiation and conciliation failed, and through indifference or incapacity the two brothers failed in nearly every respect to take advantage of the situation and of many opportunities to destroy or capture Washington's army.

Look at the situation as it was on the 22nd day of August, when General Howe moved 22,000 of his army across the bay from Staten Island to Long Island. Washington had about 16,000 fighting men. Of this number 9,000 were on Brooklyn Heights. General Greene was sick. General Putnam was in command of the troops on Brooklyn Heights. Behind these troops was the East river with no means of crossing it in case of defeat. Beyond them was the advancing British army of 22,000 men. About one and one-half miles from the redoubts was a wooded ridge. Putnam sent 5,000 men from the redoubts to take possession of and defend this ridge. General Sullivan commanded the left and Lord Sterling the right of the American army. General Grant commanded the British left. General De Heister commanded the British center. General Howe, commanding the British right, with Cornwallis, Clinton and Vaughn, marched to the left of the American position and to the rear of Sullivan and easily captured nearly all of the 2,000 men in his division. It was a case of 5,000 men fighting against 22,000. It was an attempt to defend a line that was with the number of troops indefensible. The brave Maryland troops on the American right, Colonel Smallwood's regiment, fought bravely and desperately under General Sterling.

By the way, Lord Sterling was an intelligent and brave officer. He claimed a British title through his mother, who was a very distinguished woman and an heiress. Though of noble blood she loved business. She kept a general merchandise store and was always spoken of by her neighbors as a remarkable woman on account of her intelligence, thrift and force of character. One thing made her notable among her neighbors. The day after the general was born she attended her store and sold goods to the amount of thirty pounds.

At sunset on the night of the 27th day of August, which was the day of the battle, this was the position of Washington's army. He had 8,000 men inside the earthworks on Brooklyn Heights, 1,000 having been killed, injured or captured during the battle. These men were in a trap. On the one side were over 20,000 British troops and on the other the East river, a mile wide, with no boats or means of crossing. The rest of Washington's army was in New York, most of it below Chatham street, where had been gathered nearly all of the ammunition and supplies upon which the army depended. Why did not General Howe follow up the attack and capture the 8,000 troops behind the breastworks and redoubts? Clinton, Cornwallis and Vaughn urged a pursuit and attack. General Howe would not permit it. Why did not Admiral Howe move his fleet, or part of it, into the East river and thus prevent the escape and retreat of the army from Brooklyn Heights? I will tell you why. There was a northeast wind which blew all that day and also on the 28th and 29th. The British fleet and boats could not beat up into the river in the face of the wind. An attempt was made. One boat got near enough to the battery on Red Hook to silence it.

On the 28th Washington moved the Pennsylvania regiment and Glover's brigade of Marblehead fishermen across the river into the works on Brooklyn Heights, only to add to the number of men to be captured had Admiral Richard Howe seen fit to take possession of East river, which he could have done but for the northeast wind.

On the morning of the 29th General Mifflin and another officer followed the American lines to Red Hook, where they saw, as the fog over the bay lifted, signs that the British fleet was preparing to move, and they immediately reported the fact to Washington. Still the northeast wind continued to blow. Washington realized that, should there be a change in the wind, the fleet would take possession of East river and prevent a retreat of the army from Brooklyn Heights. He gave secret orders to two officers whom he could trust and, on the 29th, they gathered all the boats that could be had on the North river and moved them into East river, in order that they might be used during the night of the 29th to move the army and supplies from Brooklyn to New York. The 29th was a bright day. There was nothing to prevent Admiral Howe from taking possession of the North river and preventing the obtaining of boats to be moved into the East river, except the northeast wind and perhaps an indisposition to act. One of the smallest armed sloops or cutters in the British fleet, could it have sailed against the wind into the North river, could have prevented the gathering of boats in East river, and thus have made impossible the retreat of the army from Brooklyn Heights. On the 28th and 29th Howe's army was digging trenches, and at some places had approached to within six hundred yards of the American line. The British army was gradually enclosing the earthworks and redoubts and without making a charge or firing a gun would have captured the army on Brooklyn Heights, for it had not to exceed ten days' supplies or provisions, had it not been able to retreat by the use of the boats which had been moved into the East river during the day of the 29th of August.

The Northeast wind continued to blow until midnight of that day. This made it impossible to move the sailing vessels across the river. The river was so rough that row-boats could not carry more than half a load, but between twelve and one o'clock that night the wind changed and the water of the river became calm. There was sufficient breeze to move the sail boats, and, with the breeze, came a thick fog which covered Brooklyn Heights and the river to the water's edge of the New York shore. While the stars twinkled above it and the light of the moon fell upon the sea, that fog hung over Brooklyn Heights and the East river until after seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th. The British were unconscious of the retreat. A Tory woman, Mrs. Rapalje, living near Fulton Ferry, sent one of her slaves early in the night of the 29th to the British line to give information that the army was retreating. The slave met a Hessian picket, who talked German and could not understand any other language. He could not understand the slave and, instead of permitting him to go on to tell the story where he could be understood, and which he was sent to tell, imprisoned and kept him until morning, and then it was too late. It is clear that but for the failure of General Howe to move his army against Washington, and of Admiral Howe to take possession of Long Island Sound, Flushing Bay, the East and North rivers in July or early in August, Washington's army would have been captured or destroyed. It is clear that, had Cornwallis, Clinton and Vaughn been permitted to pursue the American army on its retreat after its defeat on the 27th of August, it would have been captured or destroyed. It is clear that, had an

Englishman instead of a Hessian been placed upon the British picket line after the battle, the errand of the slave of Mrs. Rapalje would have been accomplished and the retreat of the American army prevented by an immediate attack.

The night of the 29th was bright with the light of the stars and the moon until after midnight. Had not the wind changed, and brought in upon its bosom a dense fog to cover Brooklyn Heights and concealed the retreat, the American army would have been destroyed by an immediate attack. Had the wind blown from the west, instead of the northeast, on the 27th and 28th of August, ships from Admiral Howe's fleet could and would have sailed into the East river and prevented the retreat.

When in New York I suggest that you go upon Brooklyn Heights, look the ground over and bring to mind how American independence was made possible and the capture of Washington's army prevented through the failure of William and Richard Howe to do their duty, through the blowing of a northeast wind, the drifting over Brooklyn Heights of a dense fog and the placing of a Hessian soldier on the British picket line.

After Howe took possession of the works on Brooklyn Heights on the 30th day of August, he waited until the 15th day of September before he undertook to move his army across the river to New York. Washington retreated to Harlem Heights, leaving General Putnam with about 4,000 men in the city below Chatham street. During the days that Howe remained idle, Washington was appealing to the committee of Congress for leave to abandon New York. On the 10th consent was given. In the meantime supplies had been removed from the city to the army on Harlem Heights. This was done by teams to a small extent, but mainly on the North river, no boat being sent from the British fleet to interfere.

The fleet took possession of East river on the 10th. General Howe moved his army across the river on the 15th. From the 10th to the 15th Washington was active in moving supplies from the city to Harlem Heights. When General Howe crossed the river on the 15th his troops landed at the foot of what is now Thirty-fourth street. His army halted between Fifth and Sixth avenues and Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh streets and remained there for four or five hours. Murray Hill, as it is now called, was at that time owned by Robert Murray. He was a Quaker and kept silent. No one knew whether he was for King or country. His wife was a very intelligent, charming and entertaining woman. General Howe, with his staff, stopped at the Murray House and were entertained by Mrs. Murray for three or four hours, while his army rested between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and while Aaron Burr was leading Putnam and the troops that had occupied the city along a path with which he was acquainted, near the line of Tenth avenue, to the old Bloomingdale road, which ran along the shore of the Hudson river to Harlem Heights. While Howe's army marched north along a road, now Fifth avenue, Putnam under the guidance of Aaron Burr, was leading the American army along the shore of the Hudson river and in the vicinity of Grant's tomb. The delay of the British army for four hours between Fifth and Sixth avenues, while General Howe was being entertained by Mrs. Murray, saved from capture four or five thousand men under Putnam.

The advance of the British army was attacked and compelled to retreat at a point between 101st and 115th streets. General Howe then waited four weeks before making any further advance. No attempt was made to move up the Hudson river or into the East river until four weeks after his army left Brooklyn Heights.

Lee, Greene and Mifflin had importuned Washington to retreat from Harlem Heights, and he did retreat to White Plains, leaving about two miles below King's bridge in Fort Washington between three and four thousand men. Howe made an attack on October 28th and took by storm small American outposts on Chatterton Hill. He would not attack Washington's main force. He never gave any reason for not following up the attack. In his narrative given in answer to criticism he said he had political reasons and no other for declining to explain, and his friend, General Cornwallis, when questioned before a committee of inquiry made the same statement.

Washington hesitated in respect to the abandonment of Fort Washington. When he retreated to White Plains this fort was left well within the British lines. It was commanded by Colonel Magraw. Washington, instead of ordering him to retreat, permitted him to remain and undertake a defense to the fort. It was not really a fort, but an open earthwork without a ditch or outside obstruction of any consequence. It had no barracks, casemates, fuel or water. It had outer works, something like six miles in length, which required for their defense over 15,000 troops. Colonel Magraw found that he could protect his force better by remaining outside of the fort than inside of it. There was desultory fighting for a few days until the British gathered around the fort in such force that Magraw was compelled to surrender and he did surrender over 3,000 Pennsylvania and Maryland troops, being much the best troops in Washington's army. The undertaking of the defense was inexcusable. It was a blunder, and the capture of 3,000 of the best troops in the American army, many of them held to rot and die in British prison ships, when they might have retreated, came near ruining the cause of independence.

I have not time to tell you more, or of the march to Hackensack and through New Jersey, and how General Howe could, if he had been alert and aggressive, have captured the army, and how Cornwallis and Clinton begged leave to pursue, attack and destroy it. Neither have I time to talk about the mistake of Howe in placing his army in cantonments ten or fifteen miles apart between the Hudson river and the Delaware, thus making it possible for Washington to attack and capture the Hessians at Trenton. When we look at our flag and think what it signifies, what free institutions have done for the world, what American genius and spirit has done, that wherever language is written there is an American typewriter, wherever change is made you will find an American cash-register, that American locomotives are hauling trains by the pyramids of Egypt, American pumps are throwing water out of the Jordan to irrigate the gardens of Palestine, the ovens of Jerusalem are baking bread made of Minneapolis flour, and that in Corea, the Hermit nation, San Francisco capital has built, and San Francisco motor-men are running, electric street cars, we shall the better understand the great significance of the facts of history to which I have referred, and how much we owe to a northeast wind, a Hessian picket, a dense fog and Mrs. Robert Murray.



## The Every-Day George Washington.

Compatriot Ell Torrance.



ELL TORRANCE.

Washington has been dead for more than a century. None of his day or generation survive and we are now compelled to resort to books and documents for our knowledge of this great American.

In the early sixties I had a nomadic residence in what was known as the Northern Neck of Virginia. It covered a period of almost four years, but I acquired no property rights in the "Old Dominion" apart from the sacred soil that adhered to a soldier's shoes. It was a strange experience for a boy in his teens, and Mt. Vernon and Fredericksburg—the Potomac and the Rappahannock, and the hills and valleys that lay between, became almost as familiar to me as they had been to George Washington, more than six score years before when he was a boy.

I then knew little concerning Washington. I knew that he was called the Father of His Country and that Virginia was a part, and a very important part, of that country. I recalled that Virginia had contributed much to the establishment of the Union and had shared generously in the honors and blessings of that Union. I believed that without the inspiring voice of Patrick Henry, the judicial wisdom of John Marshall and the broad, far seeing statesmanship of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, the American Republic might never have had an existence, but it confused me to find the "Mother of Presidents" arrayed against the flag of Washington and the descendants of Washington and his neighbors, seeking to undo the great work that had been accomplished by Washington and his compatriots in those early days of heroic endeavor. The questions leading up to the Civil War and the issues involved

in it were far too great for me to comprehend and in the confusion of the strife Washington disappeared from view, only to be recalled to mind by monuments and steel engravings.

Tonight, with your permission, I will temporarily dispense with the pedestal and steel engravings and invite the real George Washington to sit down with us for a little while at this banqueting table, for he was given to hospitality and could both grace and enjoy an occasion of this kind. And here let me remind you that he never delayed a feast. Promptness and orderly conduct marked his career from boyhood to old age. In this respect, as in many others, he was like his mother. Method, with Mary Washington, was almost a mania. She was never a minute late at church or any public function. With punctilious exactness she observed all her appointments and regulated all the movements of her household by the old clock now preserved at "Kenmore."

Her illustrious son had also such a clock. At dinner he allowed five minutes for the possible variation of time pieces. After that he would wait for no one and if an apologizing guest arrived after the dinner was advanced, his excuses were met with the quiet announcement, "Sir, I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

He had a mathematical mind. Geometry and Trigonometry were special studies, and at the age of 15 he had surveyed all the fields about the school house, plotting them and setting down everything with great exactness. At the age of 16, in company with his young friend, Fairfax, he crossed the Blue Ridge to survey the lands of Lord Fairfax in the Shenandoah Valley. It was in the month of March—stormy and cold, and one of the hardest months in the year in which to live an outdoor life. The two young men had plenty of hard work as well as much adventure. They camped out in the midst of wild storms, swam their horses over swollen streams, shot deer and wild turkeys.

At one place they had the good fortune to be on hand when 30 Indians returned from the war path. "We had," said Washington, "some liquor of which we gave them a part. This elevated their spirits and put them in the humor of dancing, so they had a grand war dance to the music of a native band, consisting of two pieces, a pot half full of water, over which a deer skin was stretched and a gourd with some shot in it used as a rattle." This surveying trip was the beginning of Washington's public life and his satisfactory execution of the task brought him an appointment from the Governor as public surveyor, an office which he held for three years. In those days many disputes and lawsuits grew out of inaccurate surveys, but Washington made few, if any, mistakes and his surveys were the only ones that could be depended upon.

His out door life toughened him and made him self-reliant. He was tall, fine looking and straight as an arrow, and moved his feet with the precision and care of an Indian. His isolation in the wilderness doubtless contributed to his habit of silence. Living so much by himself he thought for himself and relied on himself.

His manners were graceful and courtly—his demeanor dignified and his temper fiery, but always well-restrained. He was not what you would call a "good fellow" or a "hand-shaker," and it would be hard to conceive of him touring the country in a special car, bowing and shouting to the people from the rear platform. He was too reserved to be popular with the crowd. While formal and reserved, he had, however, a warm and tender heart. This was repeatedly shown in his early love affairs and especially in his impetuous courtship of the graceful, hazel-eyed, animated young widow who became his wife. Although childless, he loved children and no other class of persons had such complete and ready access to his heart.

He loved horses and dogs. His own mounts were hard to follow in chase or battle. Fox hunting was his delight and his hounds were so bred and matched in speed and habit that they always kept time and pace together in the field. He enjoyed robust health, was of athletic strength and enjoyed all rational out-door sports. It was part of his genius to find time for everything. He rose early, breakfasted lightly, was in the saddle in the cool of the morning, visited the different parts of his estate and superintended all work and improvements ordered. He was kind and just to his servants and even worked with them, which was a rare thing for a Virginian planter to do.

His habits of thoroughness and love of work clung to him through life and it was no easy matter for the neighboring planters to reach the high standard of excellence set by him.

He was his own stenographer and book-keeper. All his letters were written in a large,

round hand and his books of account were kept with scrupulous exactness. He guessed at nothing. He was his own lawyer. With his gardner he drew up and signed a contract to the effect that if the gardner kept sober at all other times he would allow him \$4.00 at Christmas with which to be drunk four days and nights; \$2.00 at Easter to effect the same purpose; \$2.00 at Whitsuntide to be drunk for two days and a dram morning, noon and night on ordinary occasions.

He dressed well. Here is a copy of a summer order sent to London in 1761. "A superfine velvet suit with garters for the breeches, pumps, riding gloves, worked ruffles at 20 shillings a pair, housings of fine cloth edged with embroidery; plain clothes with gold or silver buttons."

Arrayed in such apparel he would certainly be entitled to a prominent seat at this table. To ride hard and to drink hard seemed to go together in the golden age of Virginia, but Washington held aloof from all vices. He was not, however, a total abstainer and his scruples did not prevent him from furnishing to the voters who first elected him to the House of Burgesses a good dinner with "blood tonic" to the extent of a barrel of punch, 35 gallons of wine and 43 gallons of hard cider.

He was not a good after-dinner talker. Like most good soldiers he could fight better than he could talk on his feet. At the conclusion of his services as Commander-in-chief of the Virginia Army he was elected to his first political office and his associates resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian. A resolution of thanks was therefore passed for his distinguished military service rendered the country. When Washington came to take his seat, the speaker rose and made a little speech of praise and welcome presenting the thanks of the House. Washington stood, blushing, stammering, confused and could not utter a word. The Speaker happily broke the silence and said, "Sit down, General Washington, your modesty equals your valor and that surpasses the power of language to express."

Twenty-five years afterwards when there was a serious breach between the army and congress, he called the officers together to read to them a strong address prepared for the momentous occasion and after reading a few words he stopped, took out his spectacles and said, as he put them on, "Gentlemen, you will pardon me for putting on my glasses. I have grown gray in your service and I now find myself growing blind." It was a simple thing to say, but the manner in which it was said touched the soldiers' hearts and made them even more ready than before to listen to his counsel.

At the age of 11 he was fatherless, but his mother was spared to him until after he was elected and inaugurated first President of the United States. She was a woman of remarkable character, clear judgment, wonderful executive ability and in all her long life manifested the highest common sense and unwaivering devotion to duty. It was a just tribute to her when Washington said, "All I am I owe to my mother." Truly she nursed a hero at her breast, and in her illustrious son gave to the cause of American liberty and independence a man of over-towering greatness, sufficient for every emergency and with a character shaped by a mother's love and prayers into a likeness almost divine. In closing, gentlemen, I submit this sentiment:

Reverence, honor and praise, not alone to our heroes, and great public men, but to the noble women who bore them and nurtured and trained them; to the motherhood of heroic days and heroic men; the true builders of the Republic and the real moulders of every virtue embedded in our constitution and our laws. (Applause.)



MISS MARGARET INGRAM.

**Second verse of "General Washington"  
as sung at our afternoon exercises  
on February 22, 1904.**

2.\*

His life he risked in freedom's cause  
In battle's thickest part he fought,  
And all through life in war or peace  
Great deeds of sacrifice he wrought.  
Now many a year has fled by  
Since that great day when by his hand,  
Oppression's chains were cast away  
And "Freedom" rang through all the land.

\*The above is an original composition by Miss Margaret Ingram, a pupil in the A. 8th grade of the Madison School, St. Paul. Miss Ingram was born, Feb. 15, 1888, in Huntley, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and has been a resident of America and St. Paul but seven months.



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Adams, J. Q.....	1111 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Adams, J. W.....	3 Crocus Hill, St. Paul, Minn.
Adams, S. E.....	P. O. Box 447, Minneapolis, Minn.
Aldrich, H. C., M. D.....	313 Medical Blk., Minneapolis, Minn.
Andrus, E. P.....	Ft. Apache, Ariz.
Baekus, C. J.....	733 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Baker, J. E.....	Mankato, Minn.
Barnes, M. O.....	Colorado Springs, Colo.
Barrett, W. P.....	Siems & Shields, St. Paul, Minn.
Barton, E. B.....	St. Paul Fire & Marine Ins. Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Barton, Percival.....	Inver Grove, Minn.
Beeman, E. R.....	2104 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, Minn.
Beaumont, J. I.....	Court House, St. Paul, Minn.
Bell, E. J.....	Merchants Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.
Bell, F. S.....	Winona, Minn.
Bennett, W. H.....	350 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.
Bentley, W. A.....	Bismarek, N. D.
Benton, A. A.....	Nat. Bank of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn.
Benton, A. H.....	Madelia, Minn.
Benton, W. H.....	Perth, N. D.
Bishop, E. J.....	193 Mackubin St., St. Paul, Minn.
Bishop, J. W.....	Endicott Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Boardman, H. A.....	497 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Bonfey, W. E.....	Tipton, Ind.
Boxell, E. C., M. D.....	Cor. Wabasha & 4th Sts., St. Paul, Minn.
Boxell, J. M.....	75 E. Sycamore St., St. Paul, Minn.
Boxell, R. H.....	85 W. Congress St., St. Paul, Minn.
Bronson, C. H.....	Smith & Taylor, E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Brown, C. A.....	122 Flour Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.
Brown, C. L.....	Morris, Minn.
Brown, E. M., Jr.....	1759 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Brown, W. S.....	Des Moines, Iowa.
Bruce, C. S.....	Luverne, Minn.
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Burbank, H. C.....	Rochester, Minn.
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Burchard, J. E.....	616 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Cairns, C. S.....	313 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Calhoun, J. F.....	1900 Dupont Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Carr, W. H.....	631 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
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Castle, H. A.....	St. Paul, Minn.
Chamberlain, J. W., M. D.....	Lowry Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Chittenden, A. C.....	Marshall, Minn.
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Chute, F. B.....	1024 University Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Chute, L. P.....	1024 University Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Clark, T. C., M. D.....	Stillwater, Minn.
Clark, N. W.....	67 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Collins, L. W.....	St. Cloud, Minn.
Colvillo, Wm.....	Duluth, Minn.
Comfort, E. V.....	Stillwater, Minn.
Cone, R. D.....	3116 1st Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Cook, S. C.....	494 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Cornish, W. D.....	120 Broadway, New York City.
Corser, H. S.....	1819 Vine Place, Minneapolis, Minn.
Cowen, E. S.....	195 Broadway, New York, "Associated Press."
Cowles, C. S.....	1969 Carroll St., St. Paul, Minn.
Crosby, F. M.....	Hastings, Minn.
Cruttenden, H. L.....	Northfield, Minn.
Daggett, F. S.....	1882 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Danfort, E. L.....	600 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dean, W. B.....	353 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.



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Dean, W. J.....	514 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Deane, A. J.....	423 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Deeker, W. F.....	325 10th Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Denny, H. R.....	319 Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
De Witt, H. G.....	Fresno, Cal.
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Dodge, L. L.....	2000 Aldrich Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Donaldson, W. T.....	White Bear Lake, Minn.
Doolittle, A. A.....	Endicott Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Dorsey, E. B.....	524 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
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Dow, J. J.....	Faribault, Minn.
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Dean, Sidney B.....	353 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
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Edgerton, G. B.....	Nat. German-American Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Edwards, C. G.....	672 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Edwards, M. D., D. D.....	423 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Egbert, J. P.....	Flushing, L. I.
Ellwood, L. B.....	N. Y. Life Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Evans, B. H.....	Schuneman & Evans, St. Paul, Minn.
Evans, F. H.....	Schuneman & Evans, St. Paul, Minn.
Emm, Prof. H. C.....	Faribault, Minn.
Field, J. I. H.....	251 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Field, T. C.....	251 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Fitzgerald, D. F., M. D.....	2300 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Fitzgerald, R. J., M. D.....	2500 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Fletcher, F. F.....	2816 W. 44th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Flint, H. A.....	Review Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Franklin, B. E.....	3129 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Gale, S. C.....	68 South 11th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Gates, H. A.....	State Board of Control, Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.
Gifford, V. R.....	Northfield, Minn.
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Goodsell, C. H.....	Fergus Falls, Minn.
Grant, L. A.....	513 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Grant, W. H., Jr.....	513 N. Y. Life Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Gray, E. G.....	1106 Ross St., St. Paul, Minn.
Gregg, J. A.....	483 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Gribben, J. P.....	194 E. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Gooch, Herbert E.....	Duluth, Minn.
Hahn, W. J.....	313 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
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Hall, C. F. W.....	493 St. Peter St., St. Paul, Minn.
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Hough, F. E.....	Duluth, Minn.
Hough, J. S.....	135 Iglehart St., St. Paul, Minn.
Hoyt, P. F.....	Glasco, Mont.
Hubbard, L. B.....	303 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Hubbard, L. V.....	303 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Hume, S. L.....	11 2nd St. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
Huntington, J. H.....	613 Fourth St. South, Minneapolis, Minn.
Hurd, R.....	214 Manhattan Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Herrick, I. A.....	Farmington, Minn.

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Jaynes, F. N.....	Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.
Jewett, C. F.....	694 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
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Jewett, W. P.....	Drake Blk., St. Paul, Minn.
Johnson, A. N.....	Benson, Minn.
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Johnston, C. L.....	Ger. Life Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
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Jones, E. J.....	Field, Schlick & Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Kessler, H. C.....	Butte, Mont.
Kilgore, W. W.....	Winona, Minn.
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Lightner, W. H.....	318 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
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Ladd, Geo. A.....	873 Oakdale Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Mackey, J. S.....	Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
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Mandigo, W. R.....	722 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
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McGill, C. H.....	11 Summit Court, St. Paul, Minn.
McKibbin, J.....	83 Virginia Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
McMillan, C. E.....	Luverne, Minn.
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Nash, G. A.....	667 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Neal, G. S.....	431 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Nelson, R. R.....	Minnesota Club, St. Paul, Minn.
Norton, A. W.....	Northfield, Minn.
Norton, J. C.....	488 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Noyes, D. R.....	366 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.



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Noyes, W. S. G.....	366 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Nunnally E. G.....	672 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
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Sanborn, E. P.....	505 Oakland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Sanborn, J. B.....	187 E. 9th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Sanborn, W. H.....	143 Virginia Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Sanford, E. R., Jr.....	503 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Schriber, B. H.....	727 Fairmont Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Seisco, L. D.....	Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Sewell, S. L.....	2001 Stevens Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Seward, V. C.....	Marshall, Minn.
Sheire, R.....	100 11th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Shepard, G. P.....	Marshall, Minn.
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Smith, F. W.....	37 East 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.
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Smith, E. R.....	502 Manhattan Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Smith, J. S.....	The Buckingham, St. Paul, Minn.
Spencer, C. L.....	Post Office, St. Paul, Minn.
Spencer, H. R.....	Duluth, Minn.
Stebbins, A. T.....	Rochester, Minn.
Steers, Chas.....	Cor. 7th. and Jackson Sts., St. Paul, Minn.
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Spear, C. T.....	C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.
Stringer, E. C.....	Nat. Ger.-Amer. Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Sumner, E. A.....	141 Broadway, New York City.
Stearns, I. C.....	Zumbrota, Minn.
Saunders, Robt. C.....	Pine City, Minn.
Tallmadge, A. S.....	94 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Taylor, E. H. C.....	N. P. Ry. Office, St. Paul, Minn.
Thompson, C. T.....	36 Loan & Trust Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Thompson, W. E.....	879 Pascal Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
Thurston, C. B.....	(C. H. Johnston) Manhattan Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Thurston, W. H.....	450 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Timmerman, W. O.....	2317 Girard Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Taylor, Charles H.....	Nat. Ger.-Amer. Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Titecombe, J. D.....	Duluth, Minn.
Todd, I.....	Hastings, Minn.

## Members--Continued.

Torrance, Ell.....N. Y. Life Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Tracy, C. L.....Western Fuel Co., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Tracy, J. P.....San Francisco, Cal.  
 Tuttle, W. B.....1312 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
  
 Upham, H. P.....First Nat. Bank, St. Paul, Minn.  
 Vance, J. R.....102 Western Ave. N., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Vanderwarker, S. W.....520 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Van Sant, G.....N. Y. Life Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Van Sant, S. R.....State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.  
 Varney, H. C.....St. Paul Ice Co., St. Paul, Minn.  
  
 Wade, B. F.....Luddington, Mich.  
 Wade, J. P.....U. S. A., Manila, P. I.  
 Wade, J. F.....U. S. A., Manila, P. I.  
 Warner, G. F.....E. Shore, Cedar Lake, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Washburn, W. D.....Cor. Stevens Ave and 22nd St., Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Washington, L. C.....95 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Weed, J. H.....Nat. Ger.-Amer. Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Weed, P. C.....Nat. Ger.-Amer. Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Weeks, C. F.....Virginia City, Mont.  
 Weeks, H. H.....1522 Fremont Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Wells, H. P.....Preston, Minn.  
 West, H. D.....(West Pub. Co.) St. Paul, Minn.  
 Westlake, H. J.....Commercial Club, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Wheeler, J. W.....Crookston, Minn.  
 Whipple, C. H., Maj.....St. Paul, Minn.  
 Whitcomb, E. H., M. D.....199 E. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn.  
 White, A. W.....Albert Lea, Minn.  
 White, W. G.....Nat. Ger.-Amer. Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Wickwire, A. M.....Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Wilgus, W. J.....Watertown, N. Y.  
 Wilkes, L. D.....Hotel Aberdeen, St. Paul, Minn.  
 Willis, J. W.....923 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Winchell, N. H.....113 State St., Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Wright, Chas. D.....Fergus Falls, Minn.





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*JOHN R. BROWN, Del.*



*This flag made on 26th July 1776. This also is the original flag  
made in 1790, by Rachel Albright aged 71 years, married.  
She is deceased, & her name is*

\*The above is a photographic fac simile of the handwriting of Mrs. Albright, as it appears on the margin of our copy of the "Betsy Ross" flag.













